Volume XIX MARCH 1929 *Number 2*

The Chicago Theological Seminary

REGISTER

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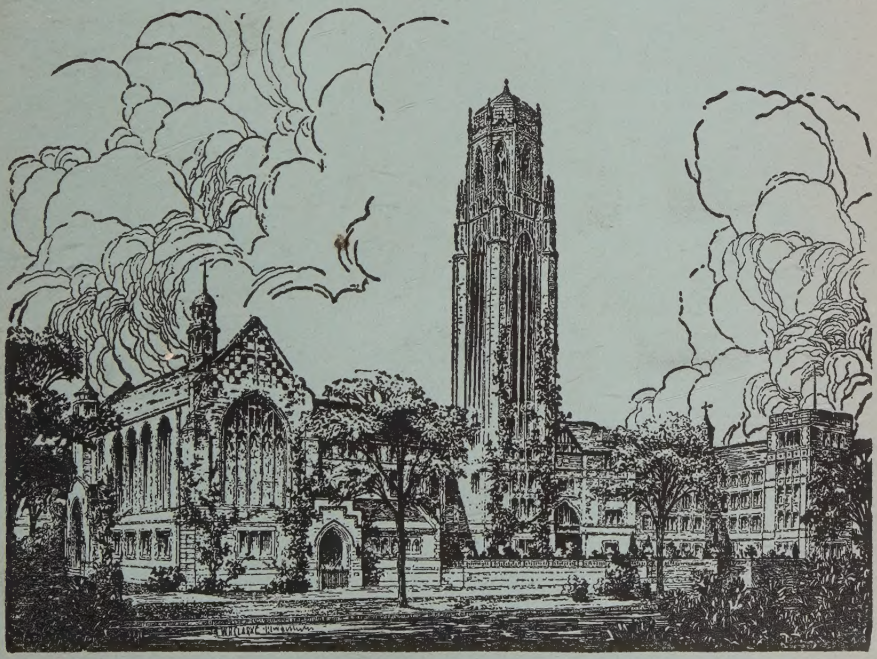

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FRED EASTMAN, *Editor*

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From the Travel Diary of a Moderator

By Ozora S. Davis

DURING the year 1928, I have had the privilege of traveling, largely in the interests of the National Council, about 42,000 miles. The purpose of these journeys has been to bring in a concrete way an augmented sense of fellowship to ministers and churches.

In the autumn Mrs. Davis and I visited Hawaii. It was the first time that the National Council has been represented in the Islands by its Moderator during his term of service. For an entire month we were the guests of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association whose hospitability was unlimited. Our transportation, entertainment, and engagements were all arranged for us and during part of the time Secretary Henry P. Judd personally accompanied us.

Thinking that possibly certain extracts from the diary which we kept during this journey might be interesting, I have ventured, although I must use the first person pronoun, to put together certain paragraphs that convey our impressions as we sent our letters home to our family and the Seminary friends.

I

In Honolulu at the Richards' home, October 26, 1928. 3:00 P.M. Paradise! I've just been trying to go to sleep; but I simply can't do it. Too excited. "All het up."

This has been one big spouting whale of a day. I got up fairly early and squinted through the porthole. Land! Clouds over the mountains; but honest-to-goodness land. So we were on deck soon after 5:30. Glorious morning! The land was the island of Molokai, lying fairly low, but, in the far distance, a glimpse of the high mountains of Maui. They are all as they are reported to be in trustworthy guide books. Very satisfactory land.

Before long we could make out Oahu on the right. (Sound all the vowels.) This island is perfectly stable and has not blown off a single volcano for a long time. Sunrise was magnificent. Such blue and pink as I have hardly found elsewhere belongs here in the Islands; and then the big red sun marching up out of the sea most grandly. Gradually Oahu became clearer; high mountains, bare and brown, not quite like anything else that I remember. The myth of the god Maui and how he fished up the islands of Polynesia from the bottom of the ocean became vivid as we looked at these mountains. If you ever were still-fishing and happened to hook into a piece of burlap and pulled it to the surface you know how it comes up, all ridged and puckered from the top to the sides.

Now that is precisely the way these islands look from a distance on the windward side. They rise to great heights and are cut by deep gulches and precipices. In many cases an extinct crater lies at the very summit all ragged, where Maui's fishhook pulled out. I am quite sure if I had been a Polynesian looking at one of these islands from my outrigger canoe I should have believed in the old god and his effective fishing most sincerely.

The steamer approached the island and soon Diamond Head was in sight. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning. By 9 all my adjectives were gone; by 10 my entire vocabulary was exhausted; by 11 both ideas and emotions were paralyzed.

Honestly, it is the most beautiful place I ever have seen. As the steamer rounds Diamond Head, which is the sharp end of a great volcano, the landscape changes. The greens on the mountains and the plantations are of every variety and simply exquisite. I have never seen such gradations of green color anywhere else. It is so restful and utterly beautiful. The health officers came out on a tug and Dr. Swartz and Mr. Talmadge of Central Union Church were on board. It gave us such a thrill to have them call to us from the deck of the little tug! They were soon up the ladder and we heard the first "aloha" from them. Soon the swimmers began to appear, Hawaiian boys who dive for money which they never fail to get. Of course, the coin does not sink so fast as one might imagine and I fancy it is not very difficult to dive and get the money. The boys expect it will be a "silver offering." All these island natives are superb swimmers and are quite as much at home in the water as we would be on the land.

Docking or sailing at Honolulu is the most romantic and interesting experience I have ever had in travel. There is nothing like it elsewhere. In the first place, the city comes out to welcome the arriving and to speed the parting guest. If ever there was a place where the word "colorful" was appropriate it is here. The great pier is lined with people carrying *leis*, generally made of flowers. This is the universal method of welcoming guests. The Royal Hawaiian Band is playing on the pier. A chorus is singing, concluding inevitably with "Aloha-oe," which is the last word in Hawaiian music. This was sung by two big Hawaiian women. They were tall and dark and their voices were superb.

Then we began to pick out our friends. There was Mrs. Louise Rogers, formerly cashier at the Seminary, waving her welcome and shouting an occasional word. Soon we saw Mr. Theodore Richards and Rev. Henry P. Judd. They, too, had come to greet us. Then followed the actual going ashore, a half-hour of confusion and such happiness as cannot be described. Everybody was happy. It was utterly unlike docking in New York. Somehow I felt that all the city was ours. The fragrance of the yellow ginger flowers and of the pink carnations filled the air. I always wondered about this *lei* business and thought I would feel foolish having around my neck a string of posies which I was sure would soil my collar and tickle my ears. In a minute I was wearing a *lei* as if I had been born to the custom. It was the most beautiful welcome and significant gift that could have been made.

So here we are. If ever hospitality and romance and kindled anticipation were blended in the first impression of a place they surely reached their climax here.

II

I wish I knew just how to put into restrained sentences the significance to me of this morning, Friday, November 9, as we went ashore at Kailua on the island of Hawaii. The journeys by the inter-island steamers are swift and comfortable now

in comparison with what they were in the early days when the missionaries were obliged to use the inadequate means at their command for crossing these tempestuous channels between the islands through which the trade winds blow furiously. Travelers in Europe frequently express their opinion concerning the English Channel and what it does to them. The journey from Honolulu to Kailua involves three English Channels and one is no sooner overcome than the other is encountered. Personally, I was not disturbed; but some of the passengers lay on mattresses on the deck in abject misery. There was little sleep, however, because of the tossing of the steamer.

About 5:30 this morning I was on deck with Mr. Judd. We were in fairly quiet water under the lee of Hawaii which surely possesses splendid color and majestic mountains. Mauna Kea is 13,875 feet high. I know because I have just looked it up and I shall probably be unable to tell how high the thing is a few hours from now. I simply cannot remember figures. The mountain is perfectly glorious for it rises from sea-level and goes up majestically.

But this is not what I want to record. I was not looking at the black lava flows or the mountains. I had saturated my mind with the story of Bingham and Thurston and I knew that we should soon come to the little indentation in the coast where they landed in 1820. They had made the journey on the brig *Thaddeus* from Boston; and I had held in my hands the original agreement between the American Board and the owners of the brig. This document is still preserved in the Mission House at Honolulu. Then I had read Hiram Bingham's own account of what the day of their landing meant. It is a wonderful story. Mr. Judd and I figured that we were just about in the same position which the "Thaddeus" occupied when Bingham and Thurston climbed into the shrouds of the ship and standing upon the main top while the members of their families, the captain and crew were on deck, sang the same hymn that had been used at their ordination at Goshen, Connecticut, and in the Park Street Church on the day of their embarkation. It was "Melton Mowbray."

Now that simply got me and I let my imagination loose. Melton Mowbray is not sung any more in our churches but it has the ring of the church triumphant in it. I remembered the third stanza of it:

> Thou dost conduct thy people,
> Through torrents of temptation;
> Nor will we fear,
> While thou art near,
> The fire of tribulation:
> The world with sin and Satan,
> By thee we shall
> Break through them all,
> And sing "the song of Moses."

I know Provincetown and Plymouth and Salem; but here was another landing almost two hundred years after the Mayflower had cast anchor in Provincetown. Somehow all my Congregational loyalties and traditions came into the front of the picture and I confess there was a choke in my throat and some moisture in my eyes. It was not silly either; it was the tribute of my heart in response to the finest of Christian devotion.

Soon after 8 o'clock the steamer came to anchor in that which passes for a harbor at Kailua. We went down the gangway to the small boat which was towed ashore and on the wharf was Walker waiting to see us. We landed at a comfortable pier. Friends were with us. Everything had been done for our comfort. Two hundred years before, the missionary families came ashore among strange people and in the midst of one of the most dramatic situations in religious history.

The great king Kamehameha had just

died. Suddenly the *tabus* were broken and old idols were despised and overthrown. At the very moment when the missionaries came, the people were prepared to receive their message, through a course of events that could not have been anticipated, and which presented one of the most strategic episodes in missionary history. They tell me that there is a stone somewhere under the wharf which for a long time was preserved as the original stone on which the missionaries landed; the Plymouth Rock of Hawaii. This may or may not be so; but certainly there is nothing at Plymouth which more justly evokes one's enthusiastic reverence than this little landing place on the black lava slopes of Hawaii. I never shall forget it. It was an enriching experience.

III

I am sorry for anybody who has missed reading Mark Twain's *Roughing It* and failed therefore to get a certain impression of the so-called Sandwich Islands. Hour after hour I read this book when I was a boy, never dreaming by the wildest flight of imagination that I would stand on the site of the City of Refuge, the description of which always filled me with amazement and wonder as I read it.

And now I am writing from the guest room of the home of Miss Ella Paris at Kaawaloa. We had talked more than once about the moral heroism of Kapiolani, the story of whose defiance of Pele is one of the most interesting in missionary history. Then, as we were talking, Miss Paris told us that the house in which we were then living rests upon the very foundations of the home of Kapiolani, and that it was from this very place that she set out with her retinue to walk to Hilo by way of the volcano and in the name of the Christian God defied Pele. I have had enough appeals to my imagination in the last few weeks to be somewhat unresponsive; but I confess this simply sent my mind running out on all sorts of roads. We had driven up and down the steep hills over the lava flows and through the woods so that my backgrounds were all ready. We had done it in an automobile; but I could imagine what it meant for this group, barefooted and obliged to meet all the difficulties of the paths and lava and jungle, to undertake this journey. I could see this woman, tall and commanding, meeting the opposition of her friends as they tried to dissuade her from her journey. We must never forget that the kings and chiefs among the islands were physically and mentally an outstanding group. Anyone who thinks of them as poor degraded heathen has no conception of what these strong men and women really were.

So Kapiolani set out from this very place. It was in the autumn of the year 1824. The missionaries in Hilo were having a very hard time. Kapiolani decided that she would visit the great crater of Kilauea, defy the *tabus* of Pele and challenge her authority in the name of the Christian God. Mr. Bingham has told the story. It is vivid and full of romance and daring. When Kapiolani reached the crater she was met by a priestess who warned and defied her. Kapiolani was not to be intimidated. She answered the message of the priestess by reading from the Bible. Mr. Goodrich, one of the missionaries from Hilo, met her at the crater, having traveled some 35 miles miles barefooted to do so. Mr. Ruggles could not endure the journey, for the Hilo missionaries at that time had no shoes. Kapiolani descended to the edge of the pit; she ate the sacred berries devoted to Pele. She threw stones into the pit in defiance of the goddess. There is something almost identical between this action and the scene on Mount Carmel where the priests of Baal were defied by the Prophet. One does not wonder that Bingham speaks of it as an

expression of heroism of a more sublime and immortal character than that which rushes to meet death on the battle-field.

And here we were in the presence of the very home where Kapiolani lived. The glorious sunshine lay warm and thick on banks of flowers. Far away the glint of the ocean could be seen. Birds were musical in the trees; but all the time my mind was running to the day when Kapiolani gathered her friends about her and started to perform a deed of surpassing heroism.

IV

There is a bulletin board in front of the little church in Honokaa. On it is printed in clear letters an invitation to an evening meeting. It says, "The Moderator of the National Council has traveled 4,596 miles from Chicago to speak to you tonight here. Come to meet him." I stood and looked at it and knew that it was so. At the end of the evening service, I was glad that I had undertaken the journey.

The Smiths are here and my heart is very warm as I am writing this little record of last night's meeting and my hours of fellowship with these two wonderful missionaries. For six years they have been here in one of the hardest places I know. Quietly and patiently they have done their work. The church is fairly new, clean, attractive. It was worth traveling all the distance figured out by Mr. Smith to look at this congregation. I never met quite so difficult a problem. About 100 were present. There were a few *Haolis* (Anglo-Saxons) and the others were Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Chinese, and Koreans. There were a score of little Japanese boys and girls, mere children, but polite and as responsive as they could be to words which I know they did not understand. A Filipino orchestra had come in to do us honor and they played most gloriously, the first number being enthusiastically given, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I accepted their spirit of service and did not criticize the taste of the selection.

How clear it is that the religious problem over here is psychological. We cannot get into the world where these people live because we are not able to *think* Japanese and Filipino. Dan Crawford's book, *Thinking Black*, is an inspiration as a title. When he learned to think as the negro thought in Africa, he had found his way to the black man's heart.

I might have wondered if the old missionary spirit is dead, especially after hearing the criticisms against the missionaries which are current among the globe-trotters. I never have had any real doubts on this score; but if I had done so they would have been dissipated here in the presence of the patient Christian devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Nothing finer is possible than what they are doing. I go on my way ennobled and strengthened from this little church in Honokaa.

V

We are homeward bound on a beautiful steamer. We are surrounded by every comfort and luxury that can be provided. The Islands lie far behind and I am looking back at them through the growing haze of memory. I am sensitive to the beautiful spirit of Christian service that I have seen among my brethren. I never honored the Christian ministry and coveted a place within it more than I do now. I can call the names of the men and women whom I have come to know in the last month and it is a list worthy to be remembered among the fathers and founders of our churches in the United States and on mission fields.

Our conception of missions has changed and is perhaps changing more rapidly now than at any other time since the American Board began its work. But the essential facts of human experience have not

changed. Humanity still needs the message and power of the Christian gospel more than ever before because its wants have become so much more numerous and profound. I never had such confidence in the Christian message to meet human need. Christ seems to be gloriously competent to bring life more abundant to all the races on earth. I can preach more confidently than I could a month ago. I see many difficulties and we need wisdom to meet them; but if I were to climb into the rigging of the great Malolo and sing Melton Mowbray as we shall pass through the Golden Gate tomorrow morning, it would be the fullest expression that I could give of the renewed faith that is in me from my long journey.

The Forgotten Man

By CARL S. PATTON

After that time there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And a certain man was there who had an infirmity thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him lying there, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, He said to him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The impotent man answered Him, "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."—John 5:17

IN SPEAKING of "The Forgotten Man," I do not have primarily in mind the men who have once been known, who have in their own time done something great, and been recognized for it, but who have since been forgotten. There are plenty of them, indeed, and it might be gracious now and then to stop and say a word for them. The total progress of civilization rests upon forgotten men of this kind. We know James Watt. He perfected the steam engine. He'll never be forgotten. But away back somewhere fifty or a hundred thousand years ago some man discovered that if you took a round piece of wood, probably a section of a log, and cut a hole through the middle of it and put a pole through this and made a wheel, you'd have a rolling lever by which you could move almost anything you wanted to. And this wheel, as I understand, "is an essential part of every kind of mechanism or machinery." No steam engines, no watches, no clocks, no automobiles, no anything mechanical, without the wheel. But the inventor of the wheel is a forgotten man.

We know who invented the microscope, the sewing machine, the telephone, the electric light. But these inventions, wonderful as they are, have done little for the world compared with the saw, the ax, and the jack-plane; but who invented these the world has long ago forgotten, if it ever knew. Civilization rests on inventors, discoverers, creators, who are all forgotten. But I don't stop with this.

Nor do I stop long with those men nearer to our own time, famous in their own day, but now forgotten. In a conversation the other day, somebody asked, "Who was vice-president under Grover Cleveland?" Nobody could answer. Who knows who was governor of Illinois ten years ago, or mayor of this city when he first came to it? The *Encyclopedia Britannica* lists thirty-three men by the name of Brown, men of consequence in their own

time; I never heard of but three of them —Sir Thomas who wrote the *Religio Medici*, Francis the Hebrew scholar, and John whose "soul goes marching on." Of forty men by the name of Smith, judged worth extended notice, I know Adam who wrote the *Wealth of Nations*, Hopkinson who used to lecture in our American towns, George the Assyriologist, Joseph who founded the Mormon church, Robertson the Scotch heretic, Sydney the English wit, and Captain John; the other thirty-three I don't remember at all.

The total personnel of the world, on the average, changes every fifty years. If we couldn't and didn't forget most of those who have gone before, we'd have the world so cluttered up with ancestors and heroes that the present generation wouldn't have room to move. But I wasn't thinking primarily of these men who were once known and have now been forgotten.

I was thinking rather of the man who is forgotten while he lives. The man at the pool of Bethesda is an instance of him. Nobody hated him. Nobody meant him any harm. But he was there alone in the crowd: "I have nobody to put me in," he said. He was probably off in a corner. He didn't know when the water would boil again. Meanwhile he sat in the shade, or where he could get his lame back against a post. And people came and went, and nobody noticed him. He was just overlooked, forgotten. In an address given many years ago at the State Normal and Industrial School for Women in North Carolina, Walter H. Page told how many people in that state were not educated. "They grew up," he said, "with the idea that education was a special privilege; they did not aspire to it, did not believe it was attainable, and at last they came to believe it was not desirable, certainly that it was not necessary. They remained illiterate, neglected, forgotten." The worst of this was not merely that "twenty-six per cent of the white persons in the State could not read and write," that one in every four was wholly forgotten. But the forgotten man became content to be forgotten. The politicians praised him for virtues he did not have. The preachers told him that the ills and misfortunes of his life were blessings in disguise, that God meant his poverty as a means of grace, and that if he accepted the right creed all would we well with him. So the forgotten man became a dupe, and was thankful for being neglected. It was and is still worse when the forgotten man is a woman. "Let any man," said Mr. Page, "whose mind is not hardened by some worn-out theory of politics or ecclesiasticism go to the country in almost any part of our state, and make a study there of the life of the women. He will see them thin and wrinkled in youth from ill-prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight till bedtime at the dull round of weary duties, the wives of men of equal slovenliness, the mothers of joyless children, all uneducated if not illiterate." He adds, "There are thousands and thousands of such women in our population."

Contrary to our popular impression, I am not sure we do so much better for the forgotten man in America than they do in other parts of the world. The Italian peasant may live in an attic or a cellar, but at least of an evening or a Sunday he can come out and wander around St. Mark's or eat his supper on the steps of the Milan Cathedral. He may know little grammar or arithmetic, but the beauty of sound and color and form which the most gifted of his nation have produced is an open book to him. When a group of rich people in New York proposed to erect there a Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which in architecture, in size, in magnificence, in everything, should surpass any

cathedral in Europe, one man on their board of trustees proposed that they build it on the east side among the tenements, and make it the delight and the inspiration and the possession of the people. "Build it down town," said he, "set it in a great block of open ground where, in the name of Jesus, beauty from without and within, may make their appeal to the people who need it. In such places the old cathedrals were built. That is the place for the modern cathedral." But all the rest of them said, "No; we'll put it up on Morningside Heights, by the side of Union and Columbia and Grant's tomb, where we and our kind live or where it will be easy for us to go, where we can take our country friends to drive and can point to it and tell them how much more it cost than St. Peter's, up where we don't need it because we have there already the best that wealth and art and culture can do." And it went onto Morningside Heights.

The average Protestant church in the growing city just makes one move after another, nearer to the people who don't particularly need it but who can pay for it, and away from the man whom it has already forgotten. I said we did better in education. Yet not well enough to brag about. Of a million-and-a-half American soldiers in the World War, for whom statistics were kept, "nearly 30 per cent could not read and understand a newspaper, or write a letter home." It is common these days to refer to these folks as "morons," and to imply that they couldn't learn, no matter what chance they had. Major Yerkes, at the head of the Psychological Department of the American Army, puts down 15 per cent of the men as of superior intelligence, 63 per cent as of average, lower or higher; 15 per cent he puts down as "inferior"; but of these he says that "they are likely to be fair soldiers, only they are slow in learning, and rarely go above the rank of private." Men who can do this could certainly learn to write letters and read newspapers if they had a chance. That makes 93 per cent of all men in the army who have it in them easily to read and write. Even of the 7 per cent that remains, some could undoubtedly do so. What can we say, then, of the 30 per cent who cannot do so, except that the opportunities of a Christian civilization have somehow passed them by? They have been overlooked. A little below par naturally, like the lame man at the pool, and not quite able to push themselves, they have just sat there and been forgotten. Forgotten by the schoolmaster, forgotten by the legislator, forgotten by the church and the preacher, just overlooked.

Now this is bad business for the state and the general public. For when the forgotten people have been forgotten long enough, they come out of their obscurity with firebrands in their hands, and as in France once and in Russia recently, and in China right now, and all around the world and in all ages when the time comes, they depose kings and abolish governments and hang bishops, and turn the hands of the clock back. It is bad business for the state, but more especially it is bad business for the Christian religion.

It is the genius of Christianity to remember the forgotten man. "I came to seek and to save that which was lost," said Jesus. We have put into the word "lost" a particular theological meaning, and imagine it refers to those who, if something is not done for them, will suffer the eternal penalty in the world to come. I think it more than likely that all that is a meaning which we have read into it out of our own minds, and that in the mouth of Jesus it meant merely that he had come to hunt up, and to remember, and to be good to those whom the rich and pious and learned of his day had forgotten. Not many people mean to be cruel. There is

not much real wickedness in the world. But there is a tremendous amount of forgetfulness and of loneliness and heartache among those who are forgotten. Old Frederick the Great of Prussia was walking in the street of his capital one day when a cart went by with a casket in it and nobody following. The old king pulled off his three-cornered hat and stepped reverently out into the street, and walked behind the cart and its burden till they came to the cemetery. It was a kingly thing to do.

You are not the State, that you can remember the forgotten people with schools and libraries and such. And you are not the Church, that you can build cathedrals among them. But you are a Christian man and a dispenser of the money and the kindness of God in the earth. I think of the people, living, not dead, in a great city like Chicago, who have come, many of them, from places where they knew everybody, and every hand was out to them and every hat off—and now they are away from everybody who has known them, and the great tide of human life flows by and seems to forget that they are here. I have heard that there is a city in some other and better world, and I hope it is true, where nobody is ever forgotten; but if there is any such in this world, this is not it. Here, also, as surely as in Jerusalem, in Jesus' day, many a man waits for the stirring of the water, but he has no one to help him, and the crowd pushes by and forgets him. And since He who could say with a divine efficacy, "Rise up and walk," walks no more in the porches and by the sheep-market, it is for you to go about your business with that divine kindness that you have learned from him, till from your outstretched hand also shall go a healing power, and you too shall be known as a child of the One Father, who holds us all in his loving thought, and by whom not one of us is ever forgotten.

Our Seminary's Service to the World

By ROCKWELL H. POTTER

THROUGH the growing towns of the central plains, over the widespread fields of the fertile prairies, up against the mountain passes of the far west and back through the gates which their fathers passed with pioneering feet, the sons of our Alma Mater, our brethren of her blood and of her faith, have made their way to every part of our beloved country, testifying to the heart of the everlasting gospel, bearing witness to the love of God made manifest in Jesus by the love of men made manifest on their lips and in their lives.

Now since it is the everlasting and universal gospel which Chicago Seminary men have proclaimed, it has been bounded not even by the breadth of the continent, it has leaped the seas and adventured into other lands to declare the same message, to breathe the same spirit. From among us through the years four score and ten have heard the far call and have answered its compulsions with the adventure of their lives. Through the two generations they have thus borne their witness. In words painfully learned with patience, in a score of the tongues bequeathed by Babel, in tones breathed by hearts attuned to the heavenly music, in colors radiant with the foregleams of the light of the celestial city, they have told the

story, they have sung the song, they have painted the picture, in deeds more eloquent than picture or song or story, and in lives more blessed and more beautiful than poem or canvas or music ever was.

Among them went Davis to Japan, colaborer with Neesima in the establishment of the Doshisha where now five thousand youth eagerly seek training for life and life's service under the inspiration of Christian ideas and ideals. Among them went Bridgman to South Africa to burn his ardent spirit out in a clear pure flame of devotion as he humanized the Christian gospel for the multitudes of black men gathered from their kraal homes and huts, to dig the white man's gold and to face the lure of the white man's vices on the Rand at Johannesburg. Among them went Ransom to Natal and Gates and White to the Near East to teach and preach, to serve and help in the spirit of their Master and ours. And now toward eventide we pray that as they complete their labors or await the last call, the prayers of their ardent hearts for the people they have served, for the work to which they have given their lives and for us in whose stead and at whose commission they have gone, may be abundantly answered.

And in these last years in honorable succession to these pioneers and veterans, high-spirited young recruits have offered their service and taken up this pilgrim road. Out to Shansi to catch the falling torch from the hand of Watts O. Pye, has gone Paul Reynolds; and out to India to dedicate his knowledge of the tilling of the soil to the service of the peasantry of the Tamil people has gone Clarence Wolsted; and into the heart of Bombay to carry the spirit of social service of Graham Taylor and of Chicago Commons into the heart of the massed populations of that great Indian metropolis has gone Clifford Manshardt.

These that we name are but few of the near one hundred who have thus gone, a goodly part of whom are now serving in lands overseas in the work of the gospel. We name these not to forget the others, but to include all those who have thus served in our tribute of affectionate and loyal gratitude that from among us so many have heard the call and from among us such devoted lives have borne such faithful witness to the great gospel that was committed to us by the gracious hand of our Alma Mater from the heart of our living Master, the Lord of life.

Today we face a world in which the nations and the peoples and the races must learn to live together in relations more close and intimate than ever the fathers could have dreamed and growing closer and more intimate with every decade that passes. We face a humanity that has multiplied on an earth that has shrunk. We rejoice to believe that as humanity multiplies and the world shrinks, as the winds of the future blow over the dead fields of the past and upon the dry bones of the present, the Christian faith in the love of God ministered through the puritan and pilgrim tradition rejoices with great joy and offers itself to serve with newly kindled flames of love and hope.

For we are carrying to the far peoples, not the outward signs and tokens, not the traditions and the tools, not even the comforts and the satisfactions of a limited culture that has been developed among a limited strain of the stream of our common humanity, through a limited reach of generations and centuries. We are not taking Western civilization to the islands of the sea or the plains of Africa or the multitudes of Asia. We are not the advance agents of industry or of commerce, of tradition or of trade, of habit or of fashion. "These little systems have their day. They have their day and cease to be."

Western civilization is but an episode

in the life of mankind. It will have its way and it will go its course, with us or without us. We as Christians are not dependent upon it. It is not dependent upon us as Christians. We are not carrying anywhere any particular type of civilization or culture. We are carrying a gospel that can live its life and make its way among any people, in any civilization, in any culture. And wherever it lives and makes its way, it lives but to bless with healing and help, to enrich with love and joy and peace, the yearning hearts of men.

Much less are we carrying a form of government into the strange and far places of the world. We are not the advance agents of autocracy, of imperialism, of communism, or even of democracy. We are telling a story, we are singing a song, we are living a life, at the great call of love. If those who hear the song and story, if those who feel the life and the love will seek to make it real through monarchy, let them seek. If through imperialism, let them strive. If through democracy, God bless their labors. If through communism, we shall not say them nay. Ours to tell the story and sing the song, ours to live the life in the spirit of love, theirs in their place and ours in our place to build the meaning of the song and story, the meaning of the life and love into such human relations as shall yield the fruitage of God's purpose, love and joy and peace.

We are not carrying over the seas an ecclesiastical establishment. We are not seeking to make Congregational Christians out of other kinds of Christians or out of pagans. Our catholicity does not have the lust for size and the itch for numbers that would seek to pad year books with statistics and spread a nomenclature devised in Connecticut over the countless millions in the plains of Asia. They will need their organization and in due course they will fashion it. The book of our failures through two thousand years is open to warn them if they will read it with open eyes. The page on which are written our successes is all too brief but it may serve for their guidance. Sometimes one could wish they might be led to discard both prelacy and episcopacy, the rule of the presbytery and even the gentle guidance of the council and that under the inspirations of their fresh faith and hopes, it might be given to them to devise and design new forms of Christian fellowship that in time might serve to relieve us of the accumulations of our generations and bring us into a commonwealth of the people of God wherein freedom and faith may find their full fruition and loyalty and liberty together join to bring forth that love and joy and peace in human relationships which are the proper fruitage of the Kingdom of God.

Now since we are not the apostles of Western civilization nor yet of Western governments, since we are not the propagandists of Western ecclesiastical establishments, nor of Western theological systems, we do not fear the new wind that is blowing through the world. Since we are just heralds with a story to tell and minstrels with a song to sing, just men with a deed to do and a life to live, we welcome the winds of the future blowing over the ancient races and stirring them with new life. Where men are men they will love that story and that song, where men are men they will feel that life and that love. Sudden passions may blind them for a moment, the dust of revolutions may confuse their sight for a little, they may for a season imagine that we are what we are not—the agents of commerce, the emissaries of government, the propagandists of an establishment, the proselytisers of a creed. We wait for passion to run its course, we wait for the dust of disturbed days to settle and clear the air, then we go on singing the song and telling the

story, living the life at the call of the love, and since they are men they will understand and catch the meaning of it all, they will build it into their culture, they will organize it into their government, they will fashion it into the forms of their fellowship, they will interpret it into the language of their own minds as well as of their own lips.

And so out of the new halls of Chicago Seminary, her nobler halls, and forth from her gates, her more radiant gates, through time to come as in time that is past, may they go forth—those who shall tell the story and sing the song, those who shall live the life answering the love. They will go through the length and the breadth of our beloved land and in church and school and college, on foundations laid by their own brethren, they will build nobler temples for the indwelling of the common life of our children and our children's children after us. And so overseas may they go also, carrying the same message and adventuring where their brethren have gone before them and beyond, proclaiming the everlasting gospel in the witness of the deeds of loving lives. And whithersoever they go we shall be sure that since they go in the spirit of Jesus the life and love of Jesus will touch the peoples and bring to them his blessings of love and joy and peace. And from the places to which they go may there come back now and again as already from Japan some have begun to come, and from India and from China, men of other lands and other races who together with the eager youth of our own Christian America shall seek to learn the meaning of this wonderful gospel that can be understood only when men seek to understand it together. And here may the East and West together learn what is the length and breadth, the height and depth, and so come to know the love of God which passes knowledge and learning that love, build it into the fabric of the city of God upon the earth whose gates shall be open day and night for all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues.

The Thorndike Hilton Memorial Chapel

Love built this shrine; these hallowed walls uprose
To give seclusion from the hurrying throng,
From tumult of the street, complaint and wrong
From rivalry and strife, from taunt of foes,—
If foes thou hast. On silent feet come in,
Bow low in penitence. Whoe'er thou art,
Thou too hast sinned. Uplift in prayer thy heart,
Thy Father's blessing waiteth. Read within
This holy place, in pictured light portrayed,
The characters of worthies who from years
Long past still speak the message here displayed
In universal language, not to fade.
Leave then thy burden, all thy cares and fears.
Faith, hope and love are thine, for thou hast prayed.

—JOHN N. DAVIDSON

Deissmann's New Testament Manuscripts

By Benjamin W. Robinson

LAST April I received a letter from my beloved teacher and friend, Professor Adolph Deissmann, of Berlin, which proved to be the most interesting missive I have received in many a year. The letter is too intimate for publication, but it contained in general the information that in view of the recent deaths of several of his colleagues, he had begun to wonder who would possess his two highly treasured New Testament Greek manuscripts after he had finished this earthly course. He knew of no one else, he wrote, to whom he would rather turn them over, and made me the offer which led finally to arrangements for insuring and shipping the precious documents. My experiences in bringing them through the United States Customs and through the red tape of the Chicago Post-Office would fill a book. I shall never forget the day when in the drive and turmoil of the first floor of the Chicago Post-Office my hands finally grasped these two ancient volumes and my eyes fell upon the splendidly preserved text of their pages. An hour later they were safely lodged in the new fireproof building of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

The first of the two manuscripts originally contained the four Gospels (Gregory No. 2311), dated by Gregory in the twelfth century. This manuscript consists of 95 parchment leaves, about 7×5 inches. It contains Luke 17:6–24:51 and John 1:18–21, 23. It contains also extended reading tables. The Codex was brought, according to the statement of the Athens merchant, from a monastery in Macedonia. It has not yet received any detailed study.

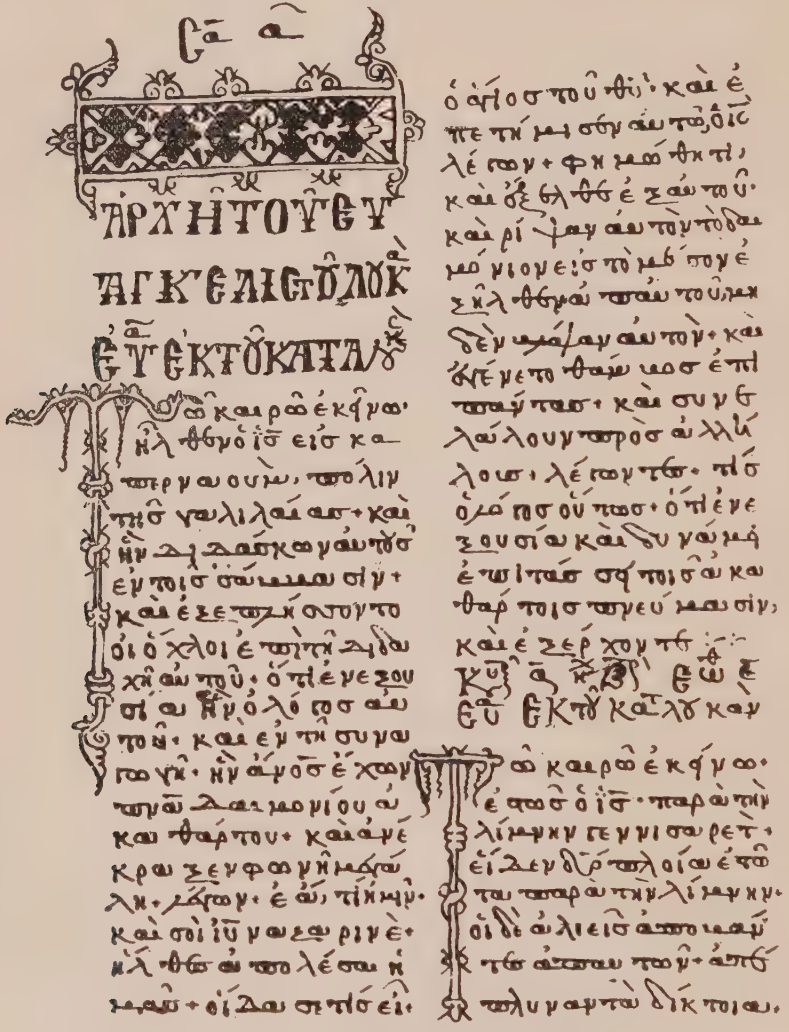
The pages are numbered consecutively in pencil with numerals which are plainly German. Unfortunately this numbering was done by someone who could not read Greek. The pages are all numbered upside down, with the result, of course, that the numbering is backward. I tried to develop a theory that the numbering was done by a Hebrew who would naturally number his pages in this order, beginning with what we would call the back. But this theory will not fit the facts. Evidently the numbering was done by the modern German binder. This binding has, in general, been very skilfully done. The original volume so far as I can discover contained no page numbering. I mention later a section-numbering in a different hand.

The reading tables which form a part of the manuscript are quite elaborate. They are apparently by another scribe, but evidently belong with the manuscript. The last 24 leaves are filled with these two-line or three-line directions as to what to read on each day. It was a study of the reading tables which first drew my attention to the numbering in the margin of the text throughout the volume. This marginal numbering is not consecutive throughout, but begins new with each Gospel. It is entirely in red ink. A typical example of the numbering in the text is *o* (omicron) (p. 64) followed four lines later by *o a* (omicron alpha), then *o b*, and so on. Often there is a further subdividing. Under *s k* (p. 26) occurs next *s ka*, *skb* down to *skth*. Then follows *sl* (all within one page). The divisions have of course no relation to our chapter and verse divisions which were not invented until centuries after these manuscripts were made.

As to the character of the text, there is little that is extraordinary. The text has been frequently corrected by different hands. For example, in John 1:32, "The

spirit descended and remained upon him," the word "remained" was omitted by the scribe and later inserted by another but similar hand.

Differences in spelling are numerous. It would seem clear that the manuscript was copied from dictation. There are examples almost without end in which the



"BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL OF LUKE"

A page of the second manuscript described. The text is that of Luke 4: 31 ff.

spelling follows the sound rather than the "spelling book" (John 7:52; 21:23).

The manuscript has many headings and marginal notes of every description, most of them in red ink (p. 76). The scribe of the reading tables has introduced considerable ornamentation.

As to the history of the manuscript,

there seems to be little definite information. There is no reason to doubt the word of the man who sold it to Professor Deissmann in 1906 that it had been in the possession of a monastery in Macedonia. A comparison of the page and hand of this manuscript with that of the Rockefeller McCormick Manuscript shows at once the striking similarity together with considerable differences. Professor Willoughby has expressed a tentative opinion that the Deissmann Manuscript is perhaps a century older than that remarkable manuscript.

Written then about 1160 in Constantinople, it was purchased by a monastery in Macedonia, and kept there until the modern interest in manuscripts brought it into the hands of the Athenian who sold it in 1906 to Professor Deissmann, who now has handed it on to me. I spend many happy hours with it. It fascinates me, and the Seminary students catch something of the spirit of research which hovers around it.

The second of these manuscripts is a lectionary (Gregory No. L1564), that is, a collection of selected paragraphs from the Gospels. For in the old day books were not as cheap as now and such books of choice selections were very common. It belongs to the thirteenth century. It contains 33 large parchment leaves, about 11×8 inches, with perfectly preserved, big, clear writing.

The Codex came, according to the statement of the Athenian seller, from a monastery in the Peloponnesus. It has not yet been studied in detail.

This manuscript has, like the other one, been very carefully and skilfully bound. The modern binding has preserved the ancient binding even to the strings which originally held the leaves. The ancient covers show the ravages of worms which fed upon them, giving a vivid idea of what a so-called "book-worm" really is or was. I was pointing to the cover one day and explaining to a student that those were worms which had eaten the cover. He put his nose close down to the cover and said, "I don't see any worms! Where are they?"

The selections average a little less than a page each. The lectionary may be approximately complete. It begins with selections from John. Later comes a group from Matthew, then a group from Luke. Incidentally it supports the idea that the Gospel of John has been the favorite Gospel of Christian disciples in every age. Not only does John come first, but has by far the largest number of selections.

The editor had no feeling against including a section from Matthew (rightly labelled) among his selections from John. There are many instances of such crossing.

The first reading is John 1:1–17. The first page has a carefully decorated heading, going entirely across the page. Later headings cover only one column.

The Matthew heading on leaf 24 reads "Beginning of the Gospel of Matthew." Similarly the Luke heading on leaf 38 (illustration). In the case of the Luke heading the word "Gospel" that is "Evangelist" is spelled quite differently from that of the Matthew heading.

There are two general ways of introducing the readings. A heading in red ink usually reads "From the Gospel of John" or other Gospel. The name of the Gospel is written out, or abbreviated, according to the whim of the scribe. Then follows usually this introductory phrase: "At that time." Then follows the passage.

The other introduction consists of naming the Gospel in the same way, then continuing "The Lord said:" or "Jesus said." "Lord" and "Jesus" are usually abbreviated.

There is a freedom from literalism which is quite refreshing. The scribe does not hesitate to insert a word or two to get

the right start with his narrative. Often the word "Jesus" or "Lord" is inserted in this way in the middle of a Gospel sentence.

The Matthew sections begin with 5:42 "Give to one who asks you." This is not the beginning of a paragraph in our modern versions. The selection of these passages of moral precept and the airy freedom of the whole book makes one wonder why we do not make more use of lectionaries today.

The Woman to Whom Jesus First Appeared

By ANTON T. BOISEN

Now when he was risen from the dead, early on the first day of the week he appeared first to Mary Magdalene from whom he had cast out seven devils.—Mark 16:9.

TO ONE whose work lies among the mentally ill there is peculiar significance in the statement found in our earliest gospel that the first appearance of Jesus after his resurrection was to a woman who had been insane.

The thought at once suggests itself that the resurrection story so generally regarded as the very foundation of the Christian faith had its origin in a hallucinatory experience in the mind of a nervously unstable woman, an experience which reproduced itself in the minds of the tensely expectant disciples. Such an explanation should not detract from the credibility or validity of the story. To recognize that the mechanism is that of the hallucination is not to pass judgment upon the ultimate source of the experience. In fact we are beginning to understand that even in the bizarre ideas of the insane there may be some glimmerings of truth. From the recognition of that fact and the attempt to study and understand the ideas of the mentally ill have come the most important advances in psychopathology. Apparently in the profound upheavals of the personality the mind may be sensitized to a realm of experience to which most men are blind and deaf. Like the man of genius the mentally disordered person may be concerned with the inner world and with the deeper levels of experience which are racial rather than individual. It need not lower our estimate of Saul of Tarsus or of George Fox to recognize that some of their crucial experiences were hallucinatory in character. To be sure many insane persons also have hallucinations, but the significant thing is always the nature of the hallucinations and the character of the man who has them. The difference between hallucination and inspiration, between mental disorder and valid religious experience, is to be found rather in the realm of value than in the realm of mechanism. We may even go so far as to say that we may have valid religious experience and pronounced mental disorder in one and the same person at the same time.

John Bunyan, whose three hundredth anniversary we celebrate this year, is a case in point. In an unforgettable little book entitled *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, he has described for us an experience which he passed through as a young man. The subtitle tells us that this book was written "for the support of the weak and tempted people of God." Clearly John Bunyan looked upon this experience as a religious experience. And yet

Professor Josiah Royce in his very interesting study of the Case of John Bunyan concludes that that experience was really a fairly typical case of a well-recognized mental disorder and he speaks of Bunyan as a man of genius who bore with a heroic perseverance a heavy and morbid load of nervous ill and in the end obtained the mastery over it. No one who has had any acquaintance with the mentally ill can fail to recognize in Bunyan's account the unmistakeable evidences of a severely disordered condition. And yet I would make the assertion that John Bunyan's own interpretation of his experience was nearer right than Professor Royce's. Mental disorder it was indeed. But it was also religious experience. Bunyan was a man of genius not in spite of this heavy and morbid load of nervous ill but *precisely because of that experience and of its triumphant conclusion. It was this painful experience which served to sensitize his mind to the things of the spirit* and transformed a common-place village tinker into the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Far from detracting from the credibility of the resurrection story the statement that Jesus appeared first to a woman from whom he had cast out seven devils rather adds to its intelligibility and credibility.

Greater interest still attaches to the statement that Jesus appeared first to a woman from whom he had cast out *seven* devils. If my interpretation is correct that would mean that her disorder had been of the profounder type, the type which is characterized by a regression so deep as to reach the stage of stupor or else of intense agitation and emotional excitement with pronounced hallucinations and bizarre ideas and behavior. To the uninitiated such cases are apt to seem particularly hopeless in comparison with the other common types in which the emotional disturbance is relatively slight, and the patient seems only a bit queer or listless. As a matter of fact the reverse is the case. The acutely disturbed patient is the one who is most apt to get well. The explanation seems to be that the emotional excitement corresponds to fever or inflammation in the physical organism and represents an attempt on the part of the organism to rid itself of the real evil. Such emotional disturbance is an indication of resistance, of struggle, of effort. In the other type characterized by little emotional disturbance or by a fair degree of outward composure we have generally those who accept defeat without putting up much if any fight, or who attempt to conceal the situation. It is to us of particular interest to note that in the acutely disturbed patients religious concern is almost invariably present and that in the other group it is the exception. Religious concern thus seems to be associated, not with attempts to "escape reality" as some of our friends would have us believe, but with attempts to face reality. It is furthermore to be noted that in those cases characterized by the attempt to face the situation and by religious concern the percentage of recoveries is high. In the other group the recoveries are few. From this we may conclude that religious concern and religious ideas tend to appear where men are facing the facts and making an attempt at reconstruction. The religious man would thus seem to be like Professor Dewey's good man, one who no matter how morally unworthy he may have been is moving to become better. Herein would lie the explanation of the relationship so frequently noted between mysticism and the pathological. Both are associated with struggle and effort.

The woman to whom Jesus first appeared may be taken as a representative of struggling humanity. Not of the perfect, not of the correct, not of the wise was she, but of those who in the face of odds

are moving to become better. Herein seems to lie the eternal truth in Mark's statement that Jesus appeared first to the woman from whom he had cast out seven devils. *The divine comes first, not to the perfect, not to the strong, but, to those in whom the need is greatest and the struggle hardest.* And in that struggle the Mary Magdalenes and the John Bunyans and even their lesser brethren may get some glimpses of truth which are hidden from the wise and prudent.

Jesus then after his resurrection appeared first unto Mary Magdalene from whom he had cast out seven devils, because perhaps her mind sensitized through severe inner conflict was able to perceive his spiritual presence. He appeared to her, if this interpretation is correct, because she loved much, not necessarily a personal love for him, but because she was of those who love righteousness and put up a determined struggle against odds for the attainment of the good life.

A Changeless Gospel for a Changing World

By MILES H. KRUMBINE

An address before the Students' Conference on June 4, 1928

NOWHERE does Jesus bring out more clearly the demand which his gospel lays on everyone to take up an allegiance that carries you clear beyond all earthly ties than in the famous passage, "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." The seeming cruelty of Jesus, as well as his seeming pessimism, are but a testimony to his good sense and understanding of human nature. Man does seek, because man needs, an allegiance that carries him beyond himself. "A successful apostle," says Santayana, "must have rather a worldly mind; . . . . his appeal would not be intelligible if it were not threatening or spectacular or full of lewd promises." Certainly, here in our gospel, as Jesus puts it, there is no suggestion of vulgarity, as there are found no lewd promises.

Augustine's age-old formula, "Thou madest us for thyself and our hearts do not find rest until they rest in thee," is only another version of what I have been trying to say. It is a version that gains added force from the fact that it was spoken in a very changing world.

It is at just this point the modern world throws up an impervious stratum of resentment against the gospel of Jesus. The modern world is tremendously interested in itself. As such, it is not so much selfish as self-centered. Most people of the better sort, especially, are not vulgarly selfish; they are deplorably self-centered. The legendary character created by Sinclair Lewis in the person of George F. Babbitt is perhaps more than a legend. He is a living image of all of us, vital, successful, full of animal spirits and hopelessly and pathetically interested in himself. Moreover, Babbitt does not change in any essential respect when he goes to a university and acquires a Ph.D. Even the ministry of religion is sought as a means of personal enhancement. What ails the Lutheran church, some wag has said, is that when a man becomes rich enough to have two servants, he joins the Episcopal

church. We are all a little like cats. Cats, it has been said, do not caress us like dogs do; they caress themselves on us. Or perhaps we are on the verge of becoming barbarians again, for the barbarian, says Santayana, is one who regards his passions as their own excuse for being, who does not domesticate them either by understanding them or by conceiving their ideal goal.

The forces that afflict modern life adversely are not so much immoral as a-moral. It is the non-moral things we give ourselves to that thwart our loyalty to Christ. It is an interesting fact that the people that Jesus sent to hell were not, in any sense of the word, bad people. They were simply people who found their own affairs so interesting, their own obligations so cumbersome, their own plans so consuming that they could not hold themselves tied to an ideal, a cause, or a person. "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back cannot be fitted into the kingdom of heaven." The man who bought a field, the man who married a wife, that other man who bought two yoke of oxen—they are not immoral; they are simply people whose present experience fills their lives. That Jesus sent them to hell may be a cause for regret to us all, but where else could he send them? How seriously this aspect of religion conflicts with modern life is revealed in the beguiling half-truth put forth by a clever maker of epigrams, who said that whereas the prophet cried, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," the modern man cries, "Hear Lord, for thy servant speaketh." The very citadel of religion, prayer, has been invaded successfully by our consuming passion for this present world.

What a commanding power
There is in prayer! Which can tower
As high as heaven, and tie the hands
Of God himself in bands,
That He unable is to loose the reins
To Justice, till released from these chains!
Samson could break his cords
As tow, and yet the Lord of Lords
Who gave that strength to Samson, can not
Break the cords of man.

In Colonel Lawrence's famous book *Revolt in the Desert*, he lays before us a critical situation in which Feisal finds his ingenuity taxed to its utmost. "We watched Feisal. He got up from his rug, on which he had been saying a last word to Abd el Kerim, caught the saddle-pommels in his hands, but his knee on the side and said aloud 'Make God your agent.' "

How serious the thrust at religion made by modern life is demonstrated most clearly in what is taking place in the industrial world of modern America. The part that family loyalty and devotion to dear ones plays in the development of some of the most unlovely aspects of capitalism remains to be computed. An indiscreet admiral, retired most certainly and for that reason very loquacious, said quite frankly in New York the other day that the basis of all wars was the love of luxury, the passion for things in themselves unnecessary, though delightful to have, that animates women. Certainly, the erection of great fortunes, with all that the process implies of human suffering and the practice of brutality, is largely due to the otherwise commendable loyalty to family that possesses American men.

If, historically, Christianity is the concentration of religious feeling on the person of Christ, as Deissmann says, then the gospel for this age may have to call for a new concentration of such emotion. To bring the modern world to a point of passionate devotion to him may be its only salvation, from itself. How that loyalty will work itself out in daily life may well be left to the ingenuity of modern men. The institutions erected on the foundations of Christian loyalty have not been changeless and need not be. It is the

basic fact of loyalty that remains unchanging.

Over against the second characteristic of our modern world, the insistence on personal conviction as the only basis of authority, stands the second fact of the changeless gospel, viz., a first-hand personal experience of religion. What we call experience is usually an affair of the heart. It is essentially emotional in nature. The endless effort of the mind of man is to create with the intellect a universe that will correspond with the emotions. This effort usually fails at the moment when it needs most to succeed. The failure is marked by an invasion of our fixed beliefs by all kinds of contradictions. The onslaught of new knowledge is as terrifying as the approach of a new ice age. With it comes skepticism on the one hand, chilling everything that it touches, and it leaves no belief untouched, and a rising fever of desire on the other. We are experiencing exactly that right now. The rapid march of science has devastated the countryside of faith, as it has satisfied an appetite that is really veracious. Behind it, it leaves the arid landscape of intellectual doubt and emotional despair. That is exactly the soil in which mysticism grows.

Mysticism may be an attempt to intervene, save, and even revive faiths that are passing like a dream. On the other hand, it may be an open-eyed acceptance of the doubt that the infection of knowledge spreads, proceeding to act on that doubt by doubting that knowledge itself. In other words, the philosophical justification of mysticism certainly rests on this acceptance of the skeptical spirit and the fulfilment of it by applying that skepticism to the knowledge that promotes it. When reason has slain what the emotions love, the emotions weep but not for long. They soon find other lovers whom they espouse.

When Pilate faced Jesus, knowing the grave charges laid against him, he said, "Art thou king of the Jews then?" Jesus said, "Sayest thou this of thyself, or did others tell it to thee concerning me." Pilate acted on the charges laid against Jesus. He took second-hand testimony as the basis for his conduct. His own conviction was quite otherwise. Had he lived by personal conviction, Jesus would not have been crucified. It is exactly the issue before us. The Christian movement has grown by the concentration of personal feeling on the person of Christ. That is simply history. There is a personal conviction that possesses us today that releases the same concentration of emotion on him. It is that personal conviction that is the basis of the new mysticism and its need as well.

The progress of civilization has been a process of secularization, but man is more than a secular being. In attempting to find satisfaction for longings that remain unsatisfied by secular achievement, man becomes a mystic. The era of Darwin, when the intellect had seemed to justify itself by its most triumphant creation, was followed by the anti-rationalism of Bergson and the mysticism of William James. Similarly our generation is caught in a mystical movement that is not without its justification.

"The Paulinism of the Reformation," writes Inge, "is not a true interpretation of St. Paul's religion. The Apostle of the Gentiles is far better understood now than in the days when an elaborate theology of a forensic type was built upon the epistle to the Romans. The Christ-mysticism which is the heart of his personal faith is seen to be far more important for an understanding of his Christianity than his arguments about justification by faith and vicarious atonement. Evangelicalism is in fact at last discovering its true strength, and is therewith acquiring a new independence and invulnerability. As Eucken

says: 'The significance of the Reformation for the world lies not so much in the change of doctrine which it effected, as in the change of life, in the stronger emphasis laid on the ethical core of Christianity in all its personal immediacy, and in the more effectual development of the immediate relationship between the soul and God.' "

We are face to face here with endless difficulties. To speak of mysticism as a legitimate gospel for modern men and women is anathema to more than one of us. Signs of an unmistakable movement in that direction are not wanting. What is this very modern emphasis, "the religion of Jesus" as against "the religion about Jesus," but a new, and perhaps unwitting, lapse into the pietist's pose? Certainly to identify "Christianity" with "Jesus," intending to renounce thereby the interesting historical accretions that attach to the movement, opens a very wide door to both mystical devotion and social radicalism. At any rate, it seems to me very difficult to understand how a "mere Jesus of history" could have had a religion founded on him. Religion has flowered anew constantly when "a Christ of experience" was again an object of faith and devotion. Just as behind the technician's amazing application of science to practical life lies the pure scientist's prolonged devotion in the laboratory, so may it not be legitimate to expect that prolonged devotion in the closet will again issue in an amazing application of the gospel to life.

Moreover, our modern liturgical movement, in so far as it is not simply a shift of the harness for relief from the burden of theological confusion, certainly encourages a mild form of irrationalism. Even if liturgy is a defense mechanism put up to hide our unwillingness or inability to be courageous and creative enough for modern theological needs, it all comes to the same thing, we are exalting "devotion" above "doctrine," the mystical experience above the achievement of reason.

The strategy of the man of religion in a world that cherishes a naïve belief in progress has been a little pathetic. Seeing this belief spread like a prairie fire he has contented himself with a no less naïve profession of pessimism. Writing out of a great fund both of knowledge and experience, Schweitzer cries out, "Anyone who finds history speaking optimistically lends her a language which is not her own." Voices could easily be multiplied into a chorus. In it would be found the gleefully despairing tones of Bertrand Russell, the shrill note of Dean Inge, the heavy bass of Spengler, the charming elegance of Santayana, and the fresh clear tenor of Niebuhr. The array of talent is really imposing. The chorus is fairly well balanced. They sing to the same theme and they do end on the same note—almost.

The fact, of course, is that to create a sick room atmosphere and then expect the patient to do a spectacular recovery, despite all the doctors can do, is to expect too much. Doctors do have it in them to kill patients. Their art is frequently effective. It is difficult to find reassurance in a dogma of despair. When the innocent inmate of a poor house, in one of Dickens stories, asked the head of the house where he (the inmate) would go when he died, the reply was, "To hell, of course, and thankful it is you ought to be that you have a hell to go to." Humanity, oddly enough, never has been able to carry its gratitude that far.

The essential pessimism of Jesus has been widely commented upon and by no one more cleverly than by Dean Inge.

> The strange notion is widely held that this doctrine of temporal progress is part of the Christian religion. But I cannot find a trace of it in the Gospels. The idea of a long vista of future history, whether marked by advance or decline, is wholly foreign to the purview of Christ and His Apostles.

Whatever Christ Himself believed and taught about the Kingdom of God, He allowed His disciples to believe that it was to be brought in, within a few years, by supernatural agency. If He had ever spoken about the upward progress of the human race, they could not have retained their patriotic dreams of a national restoration within their own lifetime, by a miracle which was to bring the present world-order to an end.

Even more decisive is the uniform tenor of His language about what His disciples have to expect in this world. They and their message were to be rejected as their Master and His message were rejected. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelsebub, how much more them of his household?" There are many sayings of this kind, and none which contradict them. As if to cut off all dreams of a final victory for the Church, He says, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" No other leader was ever half so candid as this. He promises nothing in this life, except the privilege of bearing the cross after Him.

This, which, whether we like it or no, is the real teaching of the Gospels, cast a deadly chill on what passes for Christianity among the majority. We do not like to hear that 'the world passeth away and the lust thereof.' Science, of course, tells us the same, but we shut our ears to Christ and to our astronomers impartially. And yet I think this secularist dogma is dying, as I should be glad to think that all the rest of the poisonous legacy of Rousseau was dying. It must be plain to every thinking man that there is no natural tendency such as this belief postulates, and that earthly life, whether for the race or the individual, is given "to none in perpetuity, to all in usufruct."

Here then is the striking fact of a master who was pessimistic inspiring hope in his greatest apostle, Paul. Somewhere between the writing of the first letter to the Thessalonians and the letter to the Romans, Christianity broadened out into a gospel of hope. Such it has remained, when at its best. It met the Greek cycle theory of history and renounced it quietly in favor of a more inspiring outlook. It will have to do so again if it would minister to our modern world.

All of which would seem to imply that there is left us only a pious mingling of our voices in the glad refrain which proclaims the fact of secular progress. By no means. Asceticism, in its attempt to renounce the world, abandoned it. That is pessimism. It has undoubted power to confer personal satisfaction and peace upon the ascetic. It has little, if any, redemptive power to put at the disposal of a social order, especially one as highly complex as is our modern industrial society. Even a mild asceticism such as characterizes the Lutheran attitude to secular society, if one may use so awkward a phrase, seems too deeply tinged with pessimism to work any great social redemption. On the other hand, Calvinistic protestantism is charged with making a too binding compact with the mammon of unrighteousness when it set out to overcome the world "for the glory of God." Instead of abandoning the world, it abandoned itself to the world and, so it is supposed, gave birth, as a consequence, to capitalism. It is just that consequence that now fills our prophetic moderns with so much despair. What seems clear to me in all this is that if Protestantism is responsible for our modern order, either directly or indirectly, it is also responsible for the refashioning of that order in the spirit and ethics of Christ. For the accomplishment of that task a fixed belief that it can be done is a first requisite. That requires a hopeful attitude.

"That the universe is on the side of the loving will," in President King's phrase, is the unchanging fact on which the gospel rests. To abandon that belief is to confess the utter futility of effort. To work for the fulfilment of the loving will is to meet the modern world where it is. Heartened by that faith, a faith that amounts to hope, the modern man may yield his talent and genius to the task of transforming modern life. In doing so, he will never confess defeat. Failure, persecution, crucifixion even, will leave him undismayed. He will, with Shelley

Hope, till hope creates
From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates.

From Armor to Intelligence

By William Clayton Bower

IN THE long process of developing an adequate adjustive process, nature has undertaken two very interesting experiments.

On the lowest level of life, in the earliest stages of the evolutionary process, the experiment was undertaken, with the crustacea and insects, of putting the skeleton on the outside of the organism. This arrangement served to provide the organism with a protective device against the dangers of a precarious and inhospitable world.

It secured this protection, however, at the expense of sensitivity to the environing world, of facile movement and of limiting the life of these organisms to an extremely limited and static environment.

The second experiment, with vertebrates, which was undertaken relatively late in the evolutionary process, was to put the skeleton on the inside of the organism. This experiment had four distinct advantages.

For one thing, it greatly increased the sensitivity of the organism by placing its receptors on the outside of the body in immediate and sensitive contact with the stimuli of the environment.

It made possible quick and facile movements by converting the skeleton into a system of levers so that the organism could adjust itself quickly, through a wide range of adaptations, to an enlarging and changing world. And when, in the experience of man, the adjustments made possible by his immediate body became inadequate, he was able through the resources of intelligence to devise extensions of his body through the microscope, the telescope, tools, and other types of instruments, so that he has in these ways vastly increased the mobility of his life and his ready and rapid adjustment to an enlarging and changing world.

Furthermore, this experiment had the effect of greatly increasing the limits and complexity of man's environing world. It is almost impossible by imagination to fill the gap between the simple and static world of the crustacean and the insect on the one hand and the practically limitless universe of the modern scientist and philosopher on the other. The increased sensitivity of man to his environment has opened up for him vast areas of experience that render his human environment extremely complex and rapidly changing.

So that it turns out that this experiment had the effect of substituting intelligence for armor, greatly to the advantage of an ascending order of life. And interestingly enough, it is those who depend upon intelligence rather than armor who are becoming the masters of the world.

These two experiments suggest the way toward the further development and enrichment of human life. In the presence of a world so complex and sometimes so baffling, with its exposure to the expense and pain of readjustment, the human mind has a tendency to revert to protective armor rather than to make its adjustment through intelligence. Consequently it takes refuge now and again beneath the incrustations of comfortable habits, prejudices, and traditions.

The way to the most perfect adjustment and to the richest and most satisfying life, however, in our complex and rapidly changing world, is through increased sensitivity to the stimuli of that world and through quick and intelligent adjustment.

Among the factors that make for increased sensitivity and wider adjustment, through exposure to the vast and complex environment in which our human life is

lived, are education and religion. Education, by exposing one to an almost limitless range of stimuli, makes for insight into and comprehension of life, and an understanding of the factors that lead to its control. Religion on the other hand makes one sensitive to those subtler spiritual stimuli of our environing world which include not only things and persons, but our world in the aspect of its total meaning and worth in terms of its central reality—a living and ever present God.

What's Wrong with Your Music?

By MACK EVANS

THIS is the first time that I, an organist, have had a chance to tell ministers what I think of them and their ways. The repressions of years are about to come to the surface. I shall indulge in no general remarks, or in flights of rhapsody about the spiritual qualities of music. I shall take those qualities for granted, and ask you to consider with me the rather strange state of music in the services of most of the churches that you and I know.

To begin with, what does the church service purport to be or to do? Its central aim, its primary excuse for being, is that it is an act of worship. The function of worship is the only distinctive function left to the modern church. The church is no longer the arbiter of justice, or the refuge of the fugitive: it is by no means the only or even the chief direct agency of social service—witness the hospital and the settlement house and such systems as the United Charities. Its rôle as educator is distinctly a minor one, when the extent of church schools is compared to that of public schools and secular universities. It is most distinctly not, in America at least, the cherisher of the arts. It is not even the only preacher—witness the editorial pages of our periodicals and all the forums of the controversial magazine articles. The one mission which is left to it exclusively is that one which it ought naturally to prize the most—that of furnishing a place and the means of worship.

And this is precisely the one opportunity that is neglected by all the non-liturgical of the Protestant churches, save for a few individual exceptions here and there. In most Protestant services I find no sense of awe, of mystery, no confident sense of the reality of a presence more real than that of the walls and the pews. I may find a good preacher and a good sermon, yes: but if I am in search in a strange town of a place to worship, a place to bring myself again into the contemplation and the experience of fundamental truth and mystery, the truth and mystery that is too near to be expressed in words—then I had better play safe by visiting my Episcopal friends, or even a service of the Roman Catholics or of the Greek Orthodox church, where, though I find a language that is dead or a language that is foreign, and much theology that is equally foreign, nevertheless I know that I am on consecrated ground, in a building and with a congregation devoted in that service to the "practice of the presence of God."

I am reminded of a church where I used to play downstate: though it was of a non-liturgical denomination, the minister, sensitive to the value of liturgy, had arranged a simple but effective service in which was listed a brief period of silent meditation. I found that the organist was expected to

play something, of the "softly and tenderly" variety in this period. I expressed my surprise at the contradiction in terms, and asked what was the point of the music. I was informed that the period had really been silent at one time, but the ticking of the clock bothered one of the trustees—so!

Now the neglect of this fundamental business of the church has brought about some curious conceptions as the use of music in the church. I quote from Dr. Davison of Harvard:

"(1) If sufficiently popular or spectacular it may induce the non-church-goer to attend service.

"(2) If administered in a fashion to suit the layman it may of a Sunday fall pleasantly on his devout ear and induce him to contribute generously in defraying the expenses of an organist and choir.

"(3) Through such agencies as the *vox humana* and tremulant stops, aided by the right sort of tenor voice, it may turn the sinner from his way."

I may add more uses from my own experience:

(4) It may help drown out the conversation before the service and thus put in a religious mood those who find themselves so drowned. This can often not be done except with the aid of an uncommonly large organ.

(5) It may later on in the service cover up the tardy footsteps of those who failed to get up on time.

(6) It may be used to fill up gaps here and there and so save the congregation from the awful necessity of being alone with their thoughts.

Now for a very brief glance at the process by which this state of things musical has come about.

The music of the early medieval church was the collections of chants known as plainsong. In its simpler forms this plainsong was what might be called a conventionalized or only slightly decorative variant of speech, and especially of the kind of intoned speech necessary to carry in a large church. Its history is ancient: some claim to trace it beyond the Jews to the Arab. The antiphonal nature of much of the plainsong music is due to the fact that most of its literature is derived from the psalms. This music is by no means without emotional quality, but it is of an emotion that has but one proper setting—that of the church. It would certainly be out of place in the theater; it could scarcely even be used in a concert program; its only fit use is in a church setting.

From minds trained in the traditions of plainsong, and from its very melodies, but most of all from its atmosphere, from the austerity of its beauty, from the restraint and impersonality of its emotional quality, rose the wealth of sixteenth-century choral literature and the work of its greatest exponent, Palestrina. Do not imagine that these "high and far-off times" were altogether free from secular influence. A number of papal decrees did not entirely succeed in excluding popular tunes, and even secular words, from the service music.

Under Luther's guidance came revisions of the Mass to allow the congregation to have the part in the service insisted upon by the Protestant attitude. His and other stimuli brought about the German chorale, one of the most fertile sources of modern music. From the double lineage, of the chorale and the psalm-tune, came the modern hymn, both in good examples and those not so good.

The secular feeling has pervaded much of modern hymnology. Take for example "Jesus calls us," to the tune "Galilee." This is a very pretty tune, but it is hardly ecclesiastical. It suggests the theater; there it should surely find its long home; it would be quite in place in some romantic setting of operetta or musical comedy, or would do quite nicely for a tender scene

in the movie. The same words would go far better in a folk-song setting which at least has sincerity to its credit—the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn.

I shall spare you the descent into the depths of Sunday-school music. I have in mind the comment of the father of one of the boys in a boy choir I once had. He was asked, as were all the others of the choir parents, to send the boy to the parish Sunday school. He declined firmly. "I like to have him get the training in the choir, but I couldn't think of contaminating him with what he'll hear in Sunday school!" It is common knowledge that the average professional musician possessed of any musical standards doesn't go to church.

How is one going to find out what is good music and what isn't?

1. Spiritually effective church music doesn't need to be difficult. The examples I am using can all be sung and sung well by the average choir under competent direction. One of the most beautiful services I have ever attended was conducted by a Quaker: the choir was out of sight, as all good choirs should be, and at the end of the period of meditation sang a hymn unannounced. Except for the organ prelude and postlude, that was all the music there was: but the service had that which most Protestant services never find—the spirit of worship. So with the services of the Dutch church, where there is not even a choir, and the music is supplied by the organ and congregation in the psalm-tunes.

2. Get the help of the best and the most critical musician you can find. But be as concerned about his attitude toward the service as you are about his musical pedigree.

3. Try to distinguish between the sonority of a piece and its musical value. A good singer can make you forget what a piece of music is saying in the sensual delights of tone-color.

4. Especially be aware that the reception of a piece of music almost more than that of any other work of art is almost inextricably bound up with ideas associated with it.

5. Inspect the words of your hymns. Music of the church must be exalted in its joy, and not bombastic, or dance music, or music of the theater: and it must not grovel in self-pity at the other end of the scale. There is such a thing as solemn joy: there is such a thing as noble petition. The words of so many hymns are of a sentimentality that would not be tolerated outside of the church: no wonder that the tunes are what they are, with so much to bear up under!

We are trying an experiment at the University Chapel which I think is already proving itself a success: the words only are given to the congregation. The mechanics of this can be arranged in various ways: it happens that here we print the words on the Sunday program: we can choose words that fit the service; we can delete stanzas where, as is often the case, they are of unequal value. The printer keeps the set-up type on file and so reduces the expense. The chief value of this practice lies in the fact that the congregation sings the air only, and so is relieved of the timidity common to most congregational efforts where attempts are made to sing the parts: in the latter case the individual doesn't feel enough support around him to keep him going: he can't reach the high notes and he doesn't know the low ones. Whether the congregation sings from words with music or not it is necessary that the organist transpose the hymn to a key low enough to allow the average voice to sing the air. At least half of the hymns used are too high for congregational singing.

There is one notable modern source of good church music: the Russian school.

The Russians, forbidden the use of instruments in the service by ecclesiastical regulations, have developed in the chorus both the color and the dignity demanded by their rich liturgy. The music of this school is available in an ample variety of translations and in degrees of difficulty sufficiently varied to meet the needs of any choir.

I shall be happy to send to any correspondent a list of the anthems we use at the University of Chicago.

Music in the Curriculum!

CHANGING a seminary curriculum is no easy thing. Precedent, tradition, the restriction of endowments, and the multiplicity of courses already offered are but a few of the barriers which tend to keep a curriculum stereotyped. But they are not insurmountable. They must yield before the greater pressure of changing needs in the spiritual life of succeeding generations.

More than a year ago, the faculties of the Seminary and Divinity School in joint session adopted the report of the Committee on Religion and Art recommending important additions to the curriculum. Two of the most significant recommendations in that report were these: "That our respective institutions recognize that we have a definite responsibility to develop more adequately the imaginative, aesthetic, and creative life of our students and that courses in the field of religion and art are desirable to this end. . . . . That a full time instructor in music should be engaged who shall be expected to organize the work in music in such a way that the courses should receive credit."

Pursuant to these recommendations, a committee was appointed to find a qualified instructor in religious music. We are happy now to announce that such a man has been found in Cecil M. Smith, M.A. He has accepted the appointment of the Seminary and his work will begin October 1, 1929.

It would have been difficult to find a man whose academic and practical preparation for this work is more ideal than Mr. Smith's. He received the degree of Ph.B. from the University of Chicago in 1927, having previously received the Phi Beta Kappa key in his Junior year and both general honors and departmental honors in English at the time of graduation. He was one of the ten college marshalls chosen upon the basis of scholarship, character, and all around ability. After leaving Chicago, he took advanced work in music in Harvard University for the next two years, receiving the Master of Arts degree from Harvard in June, 1928. In Harvard he worked especially under Dr. A. T. Davison. He was accompanist for the Harvard Glee Club—an organization celebrated for the austerity of its taste—and he worked with Dr. Davison in the direction of choruses of the Dowse Foundation and the Lowell Institute. Although still under twenty-five years of age, he has been organist for important churches in Chicago and in Salem, Massachusetts. He is the son of Professor Gerald Birney Smith, one of the ablest and best loved members of the University of Chicago Faculty.

The courses which Mr. Smith will offer, beginning in October, are designed to develop musical taste through understanding of the function of religious music and through appreciation of its best traditions.

Historical courses will help the student to a knowledge of the evolution of sacred music in and out of the church. Critical courses will consider the present conditions of religious music and seek to establish independent judgment in its selection and administration. Practical courses will provide opportunity for individual participation in music and for study of the practical problems of organizing and maintaining music as every pastor faces them in his church.

Hereafter, if any student leaves the Seminary without a developed and disciplined understanding of the functions of music in religion, and a knowledge of how to make use of it in his church, it will not be the Seminary's fault.

Student Life

By GREGORY VLASTOS

THE PASSING OF MONASTICISM

Three blocks nearer and a change of name —and out of the merry funeral of the "Training School" came the Women's Department of the Seminary. Rechristened and strategically located across the street from the precincts of the men's halls, it became the base for operations that quickly transformed the frosty friendliness of past years into a new genial intimacy. The generalissimo, of course, was Mrs. Marsden, whose accumulated wisdom, energetically assisted by the two social committees, resulted in a new social life. The Wednesday afternoon teas continued ostensibly unchanged. But a shrewd moving of the pouring-table to the center of the room resulted in a more equal distribution of masses, relieved the old congestion, and made for a physical mobility directly proportional to the general sociability. A Sunday at-home was instituted at the Boat-House (slang for "Women's Woodlawn House"), and proved so successful that it promises to become a permanent tradition. Its popularity rests by common consent on the conversational charm of the hostesses; though the exquisite delicacy of the sandwiches, and the programs of songs, interpretative readings, and buds of original creation should also be mentioned.

Nowhere was the new régime so clearly triumphant as in the Stunt-Night, hitherto an exclusively stag affair, where the feminine stimulus added color without restraining the hilarity, and inspired the faculty to the classic Gus-Matilda stunt, which will be handed down to posterity in epic numbers. An occasional *hors d'œuvre* adds variety to the social menu, as for instance a party from 10:00 P.M., December 31, 1928 to 3:00 A.M., January 1, 1929, where Reg Helffrich, an enterprising first-year man, entertained some sixty guests of eight different nationalities with songs, refreshments, and dancing. In the absence of such formal occasions, private contacts take place, whose fruitfulness is attested by several incipient romances, including two engagements, two as-good-as-engagements, and three very-likely-to-be engagements. (These figures are conservative, based on expert opinion. For more detailed information address the Registrar.) So with mass campaigns and detached skirmishes, wisely directed and ably carried out, it seems that bachelor recalcitrance is fighting a lost cause, forced to timid sallies on checkers and newspapers and radio in the Common Room, or to a desperate barricade on the fourth floor, momentarily happy in the barbarism of ham-and-eggs parties.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

Seminary politics have been hitherto conspicuous by their absence. Public business was treated as public routine. Yet it seems that the recent wave of civic interest in Chicago has overflowed even into the Seminary walls. The fall quarter has witnessed an interest in the public weal, almost as vociferous, and certainly as efficacious, as that shown in the city

primaries of last spring. It was precipitated by a side-issue of the euthanasia of the Training School. The student-body, which now included both men and women, was faced by two sets of officers, one from each group. For the parties immediately concerned the solution was simple: They were all to continue in office, and frame a constitution for the new régime. (Past generations had dispensed with such a luxury.) The constitution was worked out, submitted to the student body at a regular meeting, and formally accepted. It seemed that the question was definitely settled.

But they reckoned without Mac Burton. Son of Dr. C. E. Burton, secretary of the National Council of Congregational Churches, he had come from Carleton the year before, a shrewd and critical observer, a brilliant debater, an unexplosive but determined non-conformist. With prophetic zeal he rose up now as leader of the opposition party against the newly adopted constitution, which seemed to him and his followers to perpetuate an apostolic succession of student officers. The withdrawing council of each year practically elected their successors through a nominating committee—this was the bone of contention. Mac worked out a new constitution, and, before three days were over, had forty-five signatures attached to a petition to reject or revise the previous one. There followed a dramatic meeting, where the new constitution was accepted after a stormy discussion of unprecedented vigor and eloquence. Mac won. The rest of the Seminary looked on. Some frowned, some exulted, some smiled. But all took notice.

JOBS AND PROJECTS

There is not a man in the Seminary who does not have some sort of remunerative employment. Mr. Alderton, the newly appointed Director of Student Work, declares that within a year's time the same will hold true of the women also. Forty-six students are engaged in church work of various sorts. Eighteen serve as regular pastors in country churches within a radius of 175 miles from Chicago. One of these, Miss Ida Greene, is the first woman student in the history of the Seminary to have full charge of a church. Of the rest, six work as city or suburban pastors, twenty-two (of whom three are women) serve as student assistants in Chicago churches. With the coming of Mr. Alderton, these positions are no longer so many jobs, financially desirable and professionally interesting, but accidental to the Seminary course. They are now being incorporated into the curriculum as projects for rural and urban seminars. Six men are especially employed by the City Missionary Society for research and survey work.

Some students find such a clinical supplement to their academic instruction in other fields: in cafeterias and tea-rooms, where thirty-seven men earn their daily bread; in Uncle Sam's mail service, where nine men found employment during the Christmas vacatioy; in various nondescript occupations, such as working for the University libraries, firing furnaces, taking care of children at night; or finally, in the Seminary itself, where nine officious students share the burden of operating the institution. Whether these positions are being included in the movement to convert the necessary evil of work into a laboratory for experimental living, is not yet known.

THE SPIRITUAL QUEST

There are always a few who are left cold by the most exciting of Seminary activities: a misogynist here and there who scowls at the proximity of the Boat-House, a political indifferentist superbly unconcerned with constitutions and governments, or a recipient of a fellowship who battens on an enforced leisure. But there is one all-inclusive interest: religion. It is the universal subject of conversation. It hallows the walls of Anna Lyon's Tea Room. It disturbs the quiet of lonely halls at midnight. It edifies curious eavesdroppers on Elevated trains. In unlikely places at unholy hours, with puckered brow and animated gesture, pungent aphorism and philosophical tenebrosity, it is discussed, discussed, discussed. Take the Fellowship Meetings—student forums more than ever this year. Two of the early meetings were exclusively student affairs. Old students spoke of their summer experiences preaching, teaching, working in the steel mills, or on a town newspaper. What had they seen, and thought, and suffered in those three months? Religion. New students gave

their reasons for coming to the Seminary. What made them come here? Religion. John Stearns described the "Minister of Tomorrow"; two exchange speakers from McCormick, and one from Naperville spoke on "The Effective Minister"; Herman Johnson talked about "Narrowing the Concept of Religion." They were all students. What was the burthen of their message? Religion.

But they do more than talk about it. A "Creators' Club" has been meeting recently at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Eastman. Its members—seminary students most of them—are presumably interested in the aesthetic. Yet religion motivates, inspires, dominates their work. Take Richard M. Steiner, a very gifted member of the group, and his "Sunday, 11 A.M.," that appeared in the *Christian Century*, of January 10: what is it but a passionate articulation of that same spiritual hunger which many students feel but few ever express? In the dim half-light of Hilton Chapel, where the stained-glass windows tremble into life with the last touch of the setting sun, the students gather for a Vesper Service once a week. Little is said, much is suggested, more felt. But the spiritual quest grows clearer now, and the note of confusion or stridency or disillusion melts into a richer if more subdued harmony, as the rhythmic sound of many voices repeat in cadence,

O God, in times of doubts and questionings,
When our belief is perplexed by new learning, new teaching, new thought . . . .
Save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee,
O Lord. *Amen.*

Alumni Notes

1872. Rev. James D. Eaton, D.D., who died in Los Angeles about the close of last year, was a one-time student in the Seminary. An interesting autobiographical sketch in the *Congregationalist* shows the wide range of his work in the West, in the South, and also in New England. He was a brother of ex-President Eaton of Beloit College.

1877. Rev. David L. Holbrook was born in Penn Yan, New York. He graduated from Amherst College in 1872 and from the Seminary in 1877. His first pastorate was in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Other pastorates were also in Wisconsin and in Michigan. He died in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, December 29, 1928, age eighty, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Brandt. He was an active student right up to the time of his death.

1883. Rev. John O. Haarvig died in Boston last spring. His pastorates were in Illinois and Massachusetts. Mr. Haarvig was born in Norway but came to America in his early years. His burial was in Biddeford, Maine.

1885. Rev. Samuel W. Pollard was born in Turkey in 1856. He lived in Armenia until he was eleven years old. He graduated from Olivet College in 1882 and from the Seminary in 1885. His pastorates were in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, and Montana. The last ten years of his life were spent in pioneer parishes in the Rocky Mountain states. Last May he retired from the active ministry. He died at the conclusion of a home-coming service in the Presbyterian Church of Oneida, Michigan, where he had his first parish. He had just been preaching from the text, "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

1892. Rev. Frank G. Brainerd's sudden death in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was recently reported.

1894. Rev. W. S. Bixby is now doing Family Case Work in Nashville, Tennessee. Following pastorates in Kansas he took up this phase of social service in which he has been doing significant work.

1894. Rev. C. E. McKinley who was for one year in the Seminary has been called to be the State Superintendent of the Congregational Churches in Rhode Island. He is now at work.

1894. Rev. J. S. Rood has been called from the church at Bertha, Minnesota, to the church at Comfrey.

1896. Rev. B. M. Southgate has been called from the church at Algona, Iowa, to the Congregational Church at Britt.

1898. Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter, D.D.,

after a pastorate of twenty-eight years in the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Connecticut, has become Dean of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

1900. Rev. F. E. Henry has resigned his position as assistant superintendent of the Congregational work in Montana to become vice-president of the Billings Polytechnic Institute.

1901. Rev. J. W. Jordan was for seven years pastor of the Congregational Church at Ashland, Wisconsin. For the last eleven years, up to the time of his death, he had been pastor of the Rochester church in the same state. Mr. Jordan died August 30.

1905. Rev. H. S. Fritsch, D.D., came from Montana some dozen years ago to be the pastor of the Pilgrim Englewood Congregational Church of Chicago. For the last ten years he has been the pastor of the Hough Avenue Congregational Church of Cleveland, Ohio. He now goes to the Union Church of Jacksonville, Florida.

1906. Rev. Walter H. Nugent has had pastorates in Minneapolis, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and in a Presbyterian church of Portland, Oregon. He has recently come to be pastor of the Austin Presbyterian Church in Chicago.

1913. Rev. Paul S. Newey is pastor of the Assyrian Evangelical Church, Chicago. Mr. Newey has recently published a hymn book in Syriac containing the standard hymns appropriate to the Assyrian Churches. It is a fine service which he has rendered.

1915. Rev. R. D. Orton has been called from the Congregational Church of Waukegan, Illinois, to the Congregational Church of Hope, North Dakota.

1916. Rev. Samuel W. Keck was called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of Watertown, S.D., in 1918. In the summer of 1928, he was called to the superintendency of the Congregational Conference of his home state, succeeding the late David J. Perrin, D.D. (C.T.S., 1899). Mr. Keck is a graduate of Yankton College and his ministerial work has been in South Dakota.

1918. Rev. Elmer W. Benedict has been called from the Edina Congregational Church of Minneapolis to the church in Wallace, Idaho, where he is now at work.

1919. Rev. Harold S. Matthews entered the Seminary from Grinnell College but overseas service interrupted his studies. In 1921 he went to China as a Missionary. Mr. Matthews comes home on his furlough this present year and will finish his Seminary course.

Notes from Mr. Matthews on a recent conversation with a local Chinese official have these interesting items:

More than half of the highest forty in the present government are returned students from America.

Half of the highest forty in the government are Christians.

China now has a great many who can *talk* but too few who can *do*. We need especially right now American engineering training.

All of the new China leaders are saturated with Dewey's ideas.

1920. Rev. Frederick Peggs after a pastorate of five years in Constantine, Michigan, has gone to the Congregational Church at Oxford.

1920. Rev. Henry C. Stallard came from the Dakotas in 1923 to the First Congregational Church at West Pittson, Pennsylvania. He is now the pastor of the Congregational Church in Berlin, New Hampshire.

1922. Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin has been called from the Community Church of Winnetka, where he was an associate pastor, to take charge of the work of the Congregational Church of Waukegan. A new site has been secured and plans are under way for a new building and for the expansion of the work.

1922. Rev. Hervin U. Roop has been elected president of the Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee.

1922. Rev. Glenn A. Rowles came to the Brookfield Church as a student pastor ten years ago. Following his graduation, he stayed with the church for six years. Mr. Rowles has now become the pastor of the Congregational Church in DeKalb. This affords him a fine opportunity for work in an educational town of growing importance in the state.

1924. Clyde S. Noyce entered the Seminary in 1921 at the same time that his brother Ralph returned for his Senior year. Both were ex-service men. During his Seminary course Clyde was pastor at Richmond, Ill., and also at Crystal Lake. Five years ago he married his college friend, Augusta Wehe. Together

they went to the Community Church of Oglesby where they stayed two years. They then went to Duluth, Minnesota, where Mr. Noyce became the assistant to Dr. Elderkin. The relationship was an ideal one and both Mr. and Mrs. Noyce won a large place in the church and in the community. They had been working together upon a pageant to be presented at Christmas time but a short sharp sickness ended the life of Mr. Noyce before the play was given. Mrs. Noyce continues for a time with the church.

1924. Rev. Edward W. Willcox has been pastor at Sioux Rapids, Iowa, for five years. A year ago last December the church building burned. Iowa towns had suffered severely because of financial conditions. Sioux Rapids was no exception but pastor and people grappled with the situation courageously. In nine months a new building costing twenty thousand dollars, all of which was provided for at the time of dedication, was completed. The enterprise was a fine tribute to the co-operation of Mr. Willcox and the community.

1927. Rev. Harry P. Leach returned to the United States from missionary work in South America in 1925. During the three years that he was pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church at Whiting, Indiana, he finished his course at the Seminary and built a new church building valued at about $80,000. He has now gone to Mexico to continue his foreign missionary work under the American Board at the International College in Guadulajara.

1927. Rev. Horace H. Goodell graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree of B.S. and went out to work as an engineer in the field of public utilities. However his heart was in the ministry and he and Mrs. Goodell came to the Seminary. For the last two years of his course he was young people's worker at the Wellington Avenue Congregational Church—a situation with which he continued for a year after graduation. He has now gone to the Brainerd Congregational Church on the South Side, where a growing community affords him a large opportunity.

1928. The following running account of the Class of 1928 will be of interest.

Howard Anderson and Mrs. Anderson left their church in Peoria in the summer and took up the pastorate of the important Congregational Church at Williston, North Dakota.

Alfred H. Bartter and Mrs. Bartter have gone to Gilman, Iowa, where a town and country church project of a promising kind is their job.

Herbert N. Blakeway continues as the pastor of the Auburn Park Federated Church of Chicago.

W. Earl Brehm and Mrs. Brehm are associated with Dr. Thompson of our Board of Trustees in the Congregational Church at La Grange.

Charles S. Brown moved to Longmont, Colorado—Dr. Holt's old home—where he succeeds the late Monroe Markley as the pastor of the Congregational Church.

John M. Buran was married last summer and Mr. and Mrs. Buran continue his work with the Congregational Church of Forrest, Illinois.

Charles M. Houser was called by the New England Church of Aurora to become its pastor in the early summer. He was succeeded in his pastorate at Huntley by Robert C. Kemper, '29.

C. Wesley Israel is pastor of the West Ridge Community Church in Rogers Park. He was married in September to Miss Doris M. Bullock of the Dean's Office.

Joseph H. Jenkins began his pastorate of the Steger and Crete churches, suburbs of Chicago, in October.

Herman C. Johnson entered upon his fellowship from the Seminary in January. He begins his study at Harvard University.

Robert W. Kingdon and Mrs. Kingdon began their work in November at the Congregational Church in Kahuliu, Maui, Hawaii. President Davis visited them in their new home when he was in the Islands. Mrs. Kingdon by this new move finds herself half way on the route to her birthplace in Korea.

William Arthur Richards is continuing his work for a Doctor's degree at the University of Chicago.

Carl G. Wellman has one more quarter in order to finish his work for the Master's degree.

Theodore T. Wylie resigned his church in the northwest part of the city, was ordained

as a Baptist minister and has become student pastor in Berkeley, California. He was married to Miss Anna Dorothy Lester.

Walter K. Urich found himself somewhat depleted in health at the conclusion of his Seminary course and has been taking a vacation for the last six months. He is now ready for work again.

Book Reviews

Taking the Name of Science in Vain

By Horace J. Bridges. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 254 pp. $2.50.

Superstition and gullible dependence on authority are far from being the peculiar characteristic of the religious mind. This opinion of Dr. Bridges needs frequent reassertion. He has chosen to illustrate his theme by a discussion of the theory of mechanism as an explanation of the *whole* of the world and its contents, and the derivative theory of behaviorism as a *complete* account of man. The late eighteenth and early nineteenth century witnessed here in America a battle between Calvinism and liberalism. Calvinism's depreciatory estimate of human life was challenged as both dishonorable to God and a libel on human nature. Calvinism's derogatory judgment of the worth and dignity of man has a contemporary successor in philosophic naturalism. This dogma finds its adherents not only in the classroom of the colleges but in the offices and directors' rooms of commerce and industry. It paints the picture in solid black. Human values are insignificant, if not illusory. Calvinism was not quite so bad as that. The somberness of its picture was relieved by the light of divine grace which gave dignity and brightness to the souls of at least a portion of human kind. Those of us who share a spiritual interpretation of life have a fight on our hands compared with which the tussle of the liberals of a century ago, honorable as it was, is a mere skirmish.

Like Dr. Coe in his recent volume, *Motives of Men*, and Dr. Ayres in his *Science the False Messiah*, Dr. Bridges takes the argument down to the level where the battle is being fought out. His series of popular lectures addressed to the thinking youth of the day, is to be welcomed as an ally in the contest for the allegiance of the contemporary American mind to spiritual values.

A. C. McGiffert, Jr.

The Interpretation of Religion

By John Baillie. New York: Scribner's, 1928. 477 pp. $4.00.

"Read Plato, read Plato," was the urgent advice given by an older teacher to a young man about to undertake the appalling responsibility of lecturing on the subject of systematic theology. Professor Baillie might have been the advisee. With vast skill he tracks down the great religious ideas and arguments of Plato and marks their recurrence in the history of the Christian wrestle with God. His noteworthy treatment of the central problem of theological method serves as an introduction to an admirable statement of the neo-Ritschlian position. One wonders what more can be said! The sources of religious insight, he insists, are to be found in the experience of utter loyalty to ideals of goodness and truth. (Dr. Baillie betrays a certain lack of sympathy with the genuine artist in his hesitancy to count beauty as one of these ideals.) Religion is essentially, in his pregnant phrase, "moral trust in reality." His elucidation of that terse definition will stimulate the reader's mind, lift his imagination, sober his conscience and increase his confidence in things not seen.

A. C. McGiffert, Jr.

The Meaning of Selfhood and Faith in Immortality

By Eugene W. Lyman. Cambridge: University Press, 1928. 47 pp. $1.00.

This notable essay is the twenty-fourth in the series of Ingersoll lectures already distinguished by the contributions of Gordon, James, Dickinson, Fenn, and Fosdick. Dr. Lyman first considers current interpretations of human nature such as behaviorism and naturalism, which preclude faith in immortality. Over against them he places his conception of the self as creative, intelligent, able to control

nature, and to gain truth and power through communion with the ultimate reality of the universe. A spiritualistic philosophy makes intelligible this super-physical character of the self. In conclusion he sketches in masterly miniature his grounds for a theistic belief that makes the immortality of these selves rational.

A. C. McGIFFERT, JR.

HENRI BERGSON

By Jaques Chevalier. Translated by Lillian A. Clare. New York: Macmillan. 351 pp. $2.50.

The abstract concepts of pure science which were developed in the seventeenth century, and the machines of the eighteenth century, have conspired for two hundred years to exclude from human recognition and appreciation the rich fulness and exquisite qualities of that immediate concrete experience which is cultivated and celebrated in art and religion. It was this phase of rich unconceptualized and unmechanized experience which Bergson sought to restore to its rightful place in human life. This is the supremely important contribution he has made to our culture. Much of the theory he developed in order to accomplish this work was but the scaffolding which enabled him to achieve his insight and make his contribution, but has no value in itself and should be cast aside when Bergson is through with it, even though Bergson himself, like most thinkers, may believe that this scaffolding is an essential part of his enduring work.

This new appreciation of the rich immediate qualitative side of human experience which Bergson did so much to promote gives promise of becoming a part of our common heritage. Of course this is not due to Bergson alone. He is but the creature and mouthpiece of a great cultural transformation which began faintly to show itself at about the beginning of the century and has been growing more pronounced as the years pass. To give expression to the transition of an age, as Bergson does, is to be a great man.

Chevalier, who is the expositor of Bergson in this book, is a devoted, almost slavish disciple. He is slavish because he accepts Bergson's thought without criticism and without discrimination. He approves and most highly applauds that in Bergson which many today most seriously question. He makes no distinction between the scaffolding and that which is permanent and true. Also Chevalier resorts to a device so often found among religious people who turn to philosophy for guidance. Instead of using Bergson's philosophy as a means for seeking religious truth in the first hand operations of life, he uses it to support beliefs previously accepted on traditional and sentimental grounds. Nevertheless in chapters iii, iv, v, vi, but especially iv and v, which are devoted solely to the exposition of Bergson's thought, he is excellent, for he certainly knows his Bergson.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN

THE CERTAINTY OF GOD

By J. G. Gilkey. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 220 pp. $1.75.

This book is in no sense technical, written for learned theologians, but is addressed to the open-minded who seek the manifestation of God in a world laid bare by science, and in experience which the "new psychology" and behaviorism are engaged in exploring. The author is no cloistered thinker, spinning a web of doctrine from his inner self, but is one who is at home in the field of science, philosophy, history, psychology, literature, and not least of all, in the field of religion; he has also been in intimate contact with eager inquirers in colleges and elsewhere who are searching for the Christian meaning of life. Two other books of his precede this—one, outlining beliefs of progressive Christians. The other, showing how these beliefs become efficient motives of action. In the nine chapters here Dr. Gilkey, who is pastor of a great church in Springfield, Massachusetts, and professor of biblical literature in Amherst College, takes up such questions as, "Do we really know there is a God?" "Can we reconcile God's love and the world's pain?" "Does God have a purpose for individuals?" "Can a person who has no sense of God gain one?" Every paragraph of the discussion is pervaded with a sense of reality, sure and friendly leadership, and sympathy which shares and at the same time solves the difficulty of the inquirer. Results of wide reading and deep thought blend and flow on together

in the stream of discourse. Serene above all is a reasonable faith which shines clear and triumphant above the clouds of inquiring doubt. This is a book for preachers who yet have something to learn, for thoughtful fathers and mothers, for young men and women in and out of college—a book to be lent or given away to any one who seeks to know God.

CLARENCE A. BECKWITH

JESUS ON SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS

By Shailer Mathews. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 158 pp. $1.50.

The four sections of the work take up: (1) Jesus' attitude toward the revolutionary spirit of the time; (2) his relation to social attitudes; (3) his attitude toward social institutions—the family, wealth, the state, and the church; (4) a summary—Jesus' social gospel. Jesus was a revolutionary, but instead of adopting the common program of violence, he "transformed the revolutionary spirit into a new moral attitude pregnant with social implications." In harmony with this, Jesus exemplified and inculcated upon his followers various attitudes: for example, as over against acquisitions, vindictiveness, and class distinctions, he required sympathy with the needy, faith in God's good will, social co-operation, in a word, that his followers be animated by a spirit like his own. The most difficult, one may say the most ticklish part of this absorbing presentation is where Dr. Mathews relates the teaching and attitudes of Jews to many of the crucial situations of today. He sets up no claim to infallible knowledge as to what Jesus would say and do if he were living now; he rests his conclusion, on what may be reasonably inferred from the way Jesus dealt with concrete cases brought before him. Accordingly Dr. Mathews proposes a Christian solution of present-day questions concerning the law of divorce, possession and distribution of wealth, anarchy, communism, war and pacifism, politics and international relations. Very illumining is his chapter on the church as one form of institutionalizing the spirit and attitudes of Jesus. While it is clear that Dr. Mathews has no interest in a "Christianity" not vitally related to Jesus, it is equally clear that he has no place for a slavish adherence to the letter of the New Testament which would smother the ideals of conduct which it exists to set free. This work replaces his *Social Teaching of Jesus* which has for more than a generation commanded the attention of students.

CLARENCE A. BECKWITH

THE NEW QUEST

By Rufus M. Jones. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 202 pp. $1.75.

A song written many hundred years ago celebrated one whose glorious life-task made the heaviest demands upon his power to achieve and endure. He was not, however, to despair, for in his hour of need

> He will drink of the brook in the way:
> Therefore will he lift up the head.

Again and again these words came to me as I was reading Dr. Jones's book: his brief essays tap springs of insight and courage, of hope and joy, of endurance and peace. He shows how we need only the seeing eye to discover help for the spiritual life otherwise hidden—in the Scriptures, in nature, in art, in a simple fact of science, in the experience of each day. Here he dips his cup into the water of life and holds it brimming to our lips. The title of the book, *The New Quest* is not specially felicitous, for the quest is as old as the human heart with its longings and defeats, its hopes and achievements. Yet under Dr. Jones's lead the quest receives a fresh impulse.

CLARENCE A. BECKWITH

THINGS TO COME

By J. Middleton Murry. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 318 pp. $2.50.

A collection of essays by the author of "To the Unknown God" and the much discussed "The Life of Jesus," most of which appeared in English journals—the *Adelphi*, one in the *Hibbert Journal*, and one in the *New Criterion*. The initial essay sees the light for the first time here. All of the papers have a religious bearing. He states his point of view as follows: "there is no absolute truth to be had in things spiritual. What man attains is glimpses of the ineffable through many perspectives, and I try accordingly to make as many perspectives as

possible temporarily my own. I regard revealed religion as a means toward an end that is, and will always be, the goal of humanity. . . . . But it is only one among many means, themselves as valid. With these other means I am equally concerned." To this attitude bear witness the twenty-six essays as well as the Appendix, containing T. H. Huxley's translation of Goethe's famous Rhapsody on Nature.

CLARENCE A. BECKWITH

RASPUTIN—THE HOLY DEVIL

By René Fülöp-Miller. New York: The Viking Press, 1928. 386 pp. $5.00.

Between the lurid exaggerations of those who found it to their interest to paint a caricature of the baffling personality of Rasputin, the peasant *starets* whose lengthening shadow forecast the setting of the Romanovs' sun in Russia, and between the abject worship of this "saint" by his hysterical admirers, the author of this book attempts to draw a dispassionate, objective account of the true character of this remarkable man. Not only the dramatic quality of the book which makes the reading fascinating, but also the large measure of success in drawing the authentic portrait of the subject, renders the work remarkable. The author explains Rasputin's character from the rather novel point of view of the latter's sectarian psychology, for Rasputin was a secret adherent of the erratic sect of Khlysty whose doctrine of salvation through sinning was the *leitmotif* of the shockingly orgiastic style of living of this queer "saint."

Even though Fülöp-Miller might have corrected some exaggerated notions regarding the unsavory life or pernicious influence of this power behind the Russian throne, the abundant verified historical material presented by him makes upon the reader as strong an impression of the sinister and pernicious influence wielded by this confidant of the tsarist family as the less reliable accounts which the author condemns. The whole story strongly corroborates the conviction that the tsarist régime fell of its own fatal weakness; Rasputin could exist only in a thoroughly decadent autocracy.

MATTHEW SPINKA

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND THE STATE

By Jerome K. Jackson and Constantine F. Malmberg. New York: Doubleday Doran, 1928. xxii+195 pp. $2.00.

This work, begun as a dissertation, was interrupted by the untimely death of Dean Jackson and carried to completion by his friend and colleague, Professor Malmberg, of Gettysburg College. It represents, therefore, the work of two men. It attempts a factual examination of the legal developments involved in the widespread effort of religious groups to combat the complete secularization of education. It is concerned very largely with what has occurred in the United States since 1900. The account includes the laws of every state governing the teaching of the Bible in public schools; the laws governing time allotment per day and week for religious instruction either in the school or in co-operating churches; the various arrangements in the several states for giving credit for Bible study in the public schools; and a list of experiments now in progress in certain states which are carrying forward distinct programs.

This documentation of the legal relationships existing between public school authorities and religious education groups makes the book a valuable and timely one. A very brief evaluation is given in chapter v. The long appendix contains the text of laws passed in various states making Bible-reading obligatory, several Supreme Court decisions, legislation which has been vetoed by the governors, and accounts of outstanding cases in the courts such as the White Plains' case and the contest over the Oregon law.

The book does not attempt a historical résumé or orientation. On that score it needs to be supplemented by such a work as Brown's *The Secularization of American Education*. Nor does it attempt to examine the underlying philosophy involved. Its usefulness for the religious leader consists in the concise and accurate arrangement of data relating to legal problems emerging with this new phase of an age-old dilemma, namely, the maintenance of a free church in a free state.

WALKER M. ALDERTON

THE AMBASSADOR

By James Edward Freeman, New York: Macmillan, 1928. ix+212 pp. $2.00.

The Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching, delivered in 1928 by his reverence, the Bishop of Washington, are here presented. The volume deserves consideration, not alone for the interest which attaches to the man and his theme, but likewise for its standing in a famous succession of deliverances on the work of the minister. After recounting briefly some of the problems and difficulties which the church is facing today, the author opens his discussion by quoting Paul, "We are ambassadors for Christ." In the succeeding chapters one feels that the key to the author's thinking is given by the sentence, "We cannot think of the ambassador of a government holding lightly his great commission." His insistence that the Christian ministry, if it is to be distinguished and useful, must have a high sense of mission, is a number of times set alongside such a statement as this: "Every ambassador sent out by his government has his prescribed sphere of service. His portfolio which accredits him to a sovereign power defines his office and fixes his limitations." And yet the end of the book leaves one no little perplexed as to the seat and form of this authority and the specific field of operation indicated for the minister. On the whole, however, Bishop Freeman insists that the conduct of services and parish work constitute the minister's chief assignment and his present opportunity.

The general position thus indicated is made clearer in the later chapters of the book. Recounting his own experience of ". . . . over thirty years of extensive and costly indulgence in institutional work," the author speaks of a particular enterprise over which he had direction and quotes a friend who remarked, "Your great agency is altogether fine and admirably conceived but I make the prediction that the time will come when, instead of proving a door of access to the church, it will become an avenue of exit from it." The partial fulfilment of this prophecy is put forward as a basis for the conclusion that institutional work has "deflected the ministry from its primary purpose, and . . . . impaired its great functions, ... pastoral and prophetic." This sounds a little like saying that certain new and effective functions have succeeded too well as competitors of the old! In other words, the discussion blunders into the pitfalls of the old formal logic with its inevitable "either . . . . or," and the author is thus estopped from passing on the ripe fruit of his experience. Precisely when, and under what circumstances, and to what degree, should religious programs be institutionalized in order to render their *mediatorial* work effective? On these points the book breathes an adventurous spirit which never quite comes to grips with problems of social change which many churches are facing.

For those who are thinking of the work of the minister in terms of definable functions and who wish to examine these functions according to categories comparable to those used in other occupations and professions, this book will leave much to be desired. As indicating, on the other hand, a point of view of enthusiastic acceptance of the minister's more traditional rôle, it is provocative and readable.

WALKER M. ALDERTON

UNDERGRADUATES

By R. H. Edwards, J. M. Artman, and Galen M. Fisher. New York: Doubleday-Doran, for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, 1928. x+366 pp. $4.00.

One lays this book down with the feeling that most undergraduates are very much like the rest of us. It gives added evidence that the processes of standardization are widely and effectively at work. Facts gleaned in twenty-three institutions scattered over fifteen states —from Amherst to the University of Kansas and from Randolph-Macon to the University of Michigan—reveal a strange mixture of confusion and conformity; a condition which seems about as true of fathers and mothers as of sons and daughters, of professors and presidents as of Freshmen and fraternity lions, of lawyers and ministers as of campus politicians and football heroes. Institutions vary, it is true—and mark their students accordingly. Individuals, both professors and students, resist—and are more often hounded than praised. Honor systems are introduced—and must depend for success upon "spying" and "tattling," long ago marked for scorn in the code of youth.

Compulsory attendance upon chapel services comes under attack—or gives way to a flock of campus pastors, denominational foundations, and counseling agencies. In a word, undergraduates are changing and the world is changing, which is as it should be. Some of the changes seem regrettable, many are worthy of report and thought, but none is positively alarming.

The method of the study has become quite familiar through various publications of an investigative nature in recent years. Competent interviewers and field workers made visits among the colleges, and obtained information from various students, professors, deans, and presidents. Records of these interviews have been kept and excerpts have been made from the large mass of data thus obtained. The interviewers have been assured of anonymity and the authors have therefore not felt at liberty to indicate the name or location of the schools from which specific bits of information have been culled. This has the disadvantage of putting none of the interviewers under obligation to be particularly analytical or even truthful, but on the other hand it makes possible the collection of data under a form, which, while often naïve, is at the same time revealing. It is specifically pointed out that the interviewers made no attempt to give direction to interviews. The compilation of the material has been done with a thoroughness which is most commendable, and carries the Freshman from his home environment through the various experiences of orientation, instruction, socialization, examination—and in some cases damnation!

One feels that confidential interviews with more than a thousand persons in twenty-three American colleges and universities should have eventuated in a more substantial revelation of the situation that obtains. No single case study, either of an individual, an institution, a college policy, or a critical incident has been given us. Moreover, criteria of judgment are not clearly indicated, except in the case of the chapter dealing with religious agencies. It would be difficult to say that any specific fields of inquiry are sufficiently opened up by this book to make it a significant contribution in charting the next steps in research. Had the authors, with this prodigious quantity of fact before them, gone farther at these points, the book might have been praised less for the industry which is apparent and rather more for their own conclusions which are difficult to find.

Walker M. Alderton

The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson

By Charles Fiske. New York: Scribner's, 1928. vii+273 pp. $2.00.

Any attempt to state a position on reform and uplift these days is likely to raise more problems than it solves. That is true of this book. It is at once stimulating and irritating. The author is a Protestant Episcopal Bishop of central New York and appears to have been goaded into this expression of his misgivings concerning uplift by the constant stream of appeals which come to the modern minister. He feels the church has lost prestige by its failure to distinguish clearly "between moral teaching and the particular political, social, industrial or legislative method by which the moral teaching may be applied to particular problems of our complex modern life." In short the church is dying from devotion to good causes. He includes in his denunciation attempts to save souls through church suppers; well-meaning but artificial attempts at securing creedal agreement and Christian unity; propagandism and lobbying for such nostrums as national prohibition and the child labor amendment; and ends with an appeal for a true liberality. His bill of particulars for this liberality is not made clear and he admits the danger that the Christian churches, like the Roman Empire, might conceivably die of broadmindedness. "We are in danger today of mistaking similar false liberality for real breadth." The author then goes on to say, "The Episcopal Church has true liberality," and instances the fact that his own communion has looked askance at the regulatory codes which have dominated certain strains of American Protestant practice.

His treatment of the problem of marriage and the status of woman pays brief respects to proposals such as the companionate marriage, but the point of view may be had from this remark: "Morality is morality and immoral-

ity is immorality, whatever the law may say in Denver or Patagonia."

The book is useful as outlining a body of opinion in a certain quarter, but lacks the sociological information which alone would make the argument convincing.

Walker M. Alderton

Getting Acquainted with God

By R. W. Barstow. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 115 pp. $1.00.

Half a hundred three-minute programs of scripture, thought, and prayer for devotional use in homes where there are children. The Bible readings are from the Gospels and from Paul. These selections have been wrought out of the pastoral work of a man of wide experience. They are useful, both for parents and for ministers in the attempt to introduce the devotional life into homes.

Frank G. Ward

The Call Drum

By Mary Entwistle and Elizabeth Harris. New York: Friendship Press, 1928. 138 pp. $.75.

The joint authors of this book are acquainted with the missionary education movements both in England and in this country. They have had wide experience in the direction of them. The material in this book is intended for primary children and embraces African stories with suggestions for their use for a dozen class sessions. They ought to be helpful in introducing primary children to that great continent in a sympathetic and intelligent fashion.

Frank G. Ward

The Religious Development of Adolescents

By Oskar Kupky (Leipzig). New York: Macmillan, 1928. 128 pp. $1.50.

A study based upon the literary productions of sixteen young people, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-nine. The material is in the shape of diaries and poems. The items that are covered are love and religion, the intellectual life, the social and ethical life, and the aesthetic influences. The author is discriminating in his interpretations, showing the main outlines of religious development and their variability. The religious experiences which form the background of the material used are of the order current in Germany. The inquiry is made with all the thoroughness of a German student.

Frank G. Ward

Youth in Quest

By Grace Sloan Overton. New York: Century, 1928. 185 pp. $1.50.

The author has had a wide experience with youth of both sexes in church work, in teaching, and in the free-time experiences of young people. The material in the book grows out of a demand for the content of addresses which have been given quite widely to be put in printed form. It is intended for young people. It deals with the questions and conflicts which come in the process of self-realization. The book is valuable for its sound sense, for its sympathetic approach to the problems of young people, and for its balanced judgment. The questions at the end of each chapter are of such a kind as to make the book helpful for group discussion.

Frank G. Ward

The Structure and Message of Saint John's Gospel

By Vacher Burch, London: Martin Hopkinson, 1928. 234 pp. 10s. 6d.

The author gives a valuable impression of the genetic interrelationship of Jewish and Christian, of Oriental and Hellenistic, lines of thought. He says Streeter's view of the Fourth Gospel "develops a nonchalant naïveté of generalization" (p. 32). He goes on to give a wealth of literary parallels.

The principal contribution of the book consists in the adducing of Mandean parallels to the Gospel of John. The Mandean religion which has in the twentieth century about 2,000 Arabic-speaking adherents possesses a sacred literature which exalts John the Baptist as its leader and founder. Burch brings out more clearly than any other book in English the importance and influence upon Christianity of the sect of John the Baptist, particularly as reflected in this Mandean literature.

Burch concludes that the date of the Gospel is earlier than the year 70. There was a later editor who made some additions, but did not change the text of the original Gospel. The date 70 is based upon the evidence that the Gospel was used by the Mandaean Johannes-Buch which Burch dates about 70. The Fourth Gospel is pre-Synoptic. The final sentence of the book reads "And the secret of the spell of its beauty is that it portrays the historic Christ and not another" (p. 229). These conclusions are certainly not in line with the trend of modern scholarship.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

THE LITERARY BACKGROUND OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

By George L. Hurst. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 163 pp. $1.50.

From St. Andrew's Manse, Buckingham, Quebec, comes this little handbook of the Jewish literature of Jesus' day. While popular in style it is thoroughly scholarly. The Book of Enoch, the Psalms of Solomon, and a dozen other books forming the literary background of the New Testament are reviewed in succession with copious quotations and cross references. The book will greatly enrich the study of our Gospels for anyone not acquainted with this literature.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

THE MASTER, A LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

By Walter Russell Bowie. New York: Scribner's, 1928. 328 pp. $2.50.

The rector of Grace Church in the city of New York has succeeded admirably in his purpose stated in his preface which is not "to compile a commentary, but to create a portrait . . . . to portray the face and form of Jesus." The book gives a fresh and powerful impression. It is in popular style, beautifully printed, easily readable, and in general quite true to modern New Testament scholarship.

BENJAMIN W. ROBINSON

A GOOD BIBLICAL DRAMA

"He Came Seeing," a one-act biblical play by Mary P. Hamlin. New York: Samuel French. 35 pp. 35 cents.

At last! Mary P. Hamlin who eight years ago gave us *The Rock*, probably our strongest biblical full-length play, now gives us a one-acter of equal power and beauty. In the meantime, some hundreds of well-intentioned but untrained amateur playwrights have been turning out biblical plays by the score, but mostly of a quality that adds nothing to the understanding of the Bible or of the struggles of men's souls. In *He Came Seeing*, Mrs. Hamlin takes the story of a blind man whom Jesus healed and shows the universal elements in it. Whereas most biblical dramas are content with the presentation of a miracle, Mrs. Hamlin sees that there is no drama in a miracle itself. Drama is in struggle—not in release from it. The real drama comes in the opposition which the Sanhedrin brought to bear to persuade the man against testifying in behalf of Jesus. He has to choose between silence and safety on one side and testimony and ostracism on the other, and the welfare of his family hangs in the balance. The factors which make for strong drama are here: character, struggle, action, climax, choice, and theme. The play requires three men, two women, and a group of neighbors. The costumes and properties are simple. Churches and young peoples groups looking for new dramas of emotional strength and religious value will find one here.

FRED EASTMAN

Religious Dramas for the Easter Season and Springtime Generally

Selected by FRED EASTMAN

A. FOR PASSION WEEK AND EASTER

1. *The Resurrection*, by Rosamond Kimball. Four scenes. Twelve men three women, the voice of Jesus. An Easter service arranged for tableaux and a reader from biblical text. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 35 cents. (No royalty.)
2. *The Boy Who Discovered Easter*, by Elizabeth McFadden. Adapted from the story "The Boy Who Discovered Spring," by Raymond Alden. One act, three scenes. One man, two women, one boy. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 35 cents. (Royalty, $10.00 where admission is charged; $5.00 where it is not.)
3. *Dust of the Road*, by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. Three men, one woman. A dramatization of the old legend that Judas is allowed to return to earth once a year to plead with some soul tempted to betray friendship. While written for Christmas, it can easily be adapted for Easter by the changing of one or two lines. The Stage Guild, Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago. 50 cents. (Royalty, $10.00.)
4. *The Two Thieves*, by Esther Willard Bates. One act. Two men, a choir (unseen), a harpist (unseen). A short dialogue play for Good Friday. Walter H. Baker Co., 41 Winter St., Boston. 35 cents. (No royalty.)
5. *Saint Claudia*, by Marshall N. Goold. Three acts, five scenes. Nine men, seven women, one child, extras. A play about the wife of Pilate and her conversion to the Christian faith. Pilgrim Press, 418 South Market St., Chicago. 65 cents.
6. *He Came Seeing*, by Mary P. Hamlin. One act. One setting, simple interior of a house in Jerusalem. Three men, two women, and neighbors including a few children. A strong dramatization of the story of a blind man whom Jesus healed and then had to choose between silence, as imposed upon him by the Pharisees, and testimony in behalf of Jesus. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 35 cents. (Royalty, $5.00 when no admission is charged, $10.00 when admission is charged.)
7. *The Rock*, by Mary P. Hamlin. Three acts, four scenes. Six men, five women. A character study of Simon Peter. Pilgrim Press, 418 South Market St., Chicago. 35 cents. (No royalty.)

B. GENERAL

8. *What Men Live By*, a dramatization by VIRGINIA CHURCH of the story by Leo Tolstoi. One act, two scenes. Five men, three women, two children, an angel, and a little devil. The Walter H. Baker Co., Boston. 35 cents. (Royalty, $10.00).
9. *Confessional*, by PERCIVAL WILDE. One act. Three men, two women. A bank fails. The banker is indicted for misappropriation of funds. Only one man has the facts which will lead to conviction, and he is the banker's secretary. The banker offers this man a huge bribe. The plot concerns the ethical problems that arise in the secretary's family when they learn of this offer. Little, Brown and Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston. 35 cents. (Royalty on application to publisher.)
10. *At The Gate Beautiful*, by HARRY S. MASON. One act. Five men, two women. Exterior scene. Costumes about the time of Christ. Plays 45 minutes. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 35 cents. (No royalty.)
11. *The Color Line*, by IRENE TAYLOR MACNAIR. One act. Three men, three women. About thirty minutes. The problem of the missionary in China and the Chinese student in America. Missionary Education Movement, 150

Fifth Ave., New York. 25 cents. (No royalty.)

12. *Bread*, by FRED EASTMAN. One act. Two men, three women. About 25 minutes. The struggle of a modern farm family for economic independence and culture. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 30 cents. (Royalty, $5.00.)
13. *America's Unfinished Battles*, by FRED EASTMAN. A pageant. Sixty to three hundred characters. No scenery. Various costumes. Plays one hour. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 35 cents. (Royalty, $5.00.)
14. *The Gift of Self*, by PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD. An allegory for children. No scenery needed, just the platform. Six boys, five girls, one man, one woman. Plays about 30 minutes. Abingdon Press, 740 Rush St., Chicago. 20 cents. (No Royalty.)
15. *A Sinner Beloved*, by PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD. Prologue, one act, and epilogue. Six men, three women, three children, extras. A dramatization of the story of Hosea. Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York. (Other plays included in the same volume.) $1.75. (No Royalty.)
16. *El Cristo*, by MARGARET LARKIN. One act. Four men, two women. Won the prize offered by Samuel French and also the cup offered by David Belasco for the best one-act play of 1926. Deals with the mixture of politics and religion among the Penitentes of the Southwest. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 50 cents. (Royalty, $10.00.)
17. *The Neighbors*, by ZONA GALE. One act. Two men, six women. Very humorous treatment of a dramatic situation in a village. Religious in its effect upon an audience. About one hour. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 50 cents. (Royalty, $10.00 when admission is charged, $5.00 when it is not.)
18. *Spreading the News*, by LADY GREGORY. One act. Seven men, three women. About forty minutes. A delightful satire of gossipy neighbors. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. 50 cents. (Royalty, $5.00.)
19. *Joint Owners in Spain*, by ALICE BROWN. One act. Four women. Walter H. Baker Co., Boston. 35 cents. (Royalty, $5.00.)
20. *The Deathless World*, by J. M. S. TOMPKINS. One act. Five men, two women. The Baker International Play Bureau, Boston. 50 cents. (Royalty, $5.00.)
21. *Outward Bound*, by V. SUTTON VANE. Three acts. Six men, three women. One interior. Modern costumes. The scene is laid on board a ship outward bound, but whither? It is gradually learned that all the characters, with two exceptions, are dead. The play is strongly religious in effect. Samuel French, 25 West 45th St., New York. $1.35. (Royalty on application to the publisher.)
22. *Modern Religious Dramas*, a collection of eleven one-act plays and two pageants. Includes numbers 3, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, and 20 above. Edited by FRED EASTMAN. Henry, Holt and Co., One Park Ave., New York. $3.00.

C. MANUALS

Drama in Education, by GRACE SLOAN OVERTON. Covers the theory and technique of dramatic production in churches. Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York. $2.50.

The Dramatization of Bible Stories, by ELIZABETH ERWIN MILLER. A handbook on the why and how of dramatizing Bible stories in the church school. Especially good for children. University of Chicago Press. $1.25.

Bible Dramatics, by JAMES WATT RAINE. Designed primarily not for juveniles but for the "grown-up young people." Covers the whole process of dramatizing, from selection of the story to the development of plot, character, and emo-

tion; with practical suggestions and diagrams on stage lighting and costuming. More than half the book devoted to Bible dramas worked out by the author. Century. $2.00.

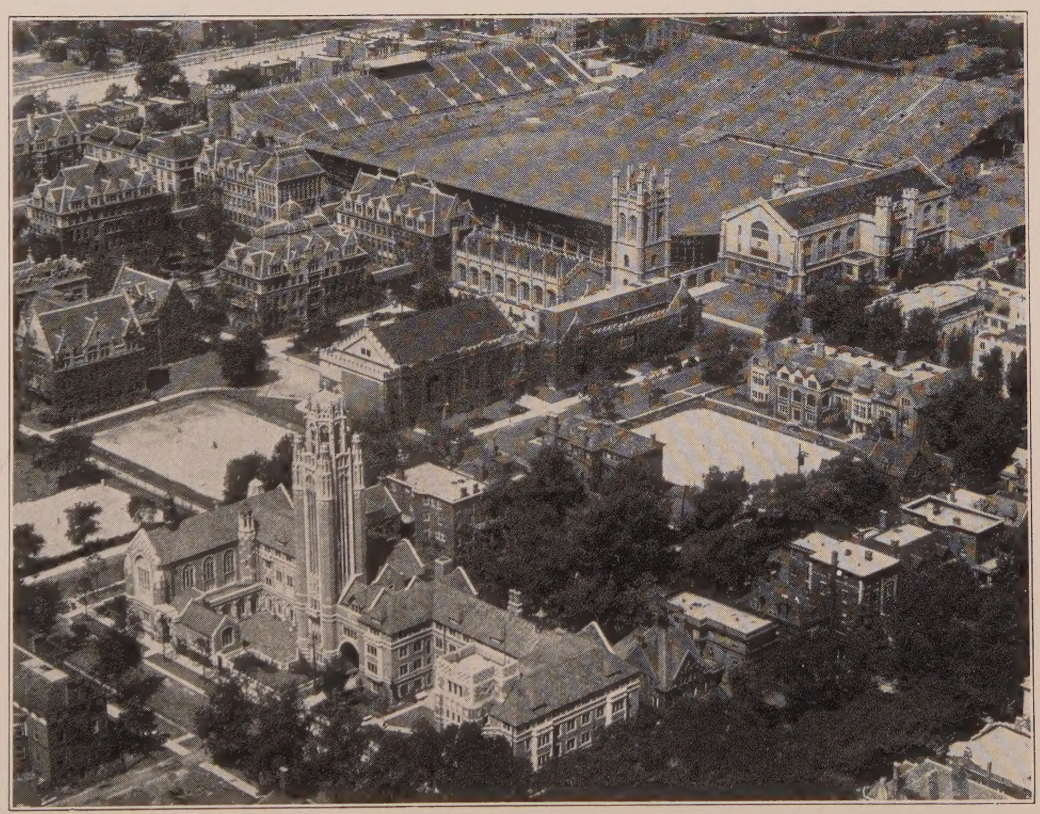
Costuming a Play, by GRIMBAL and WELLS. Full directions for costuming in all periods from the Assyrian wars to the Civil War. Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York. $3.00.

The Art of Play Production, by JOHN DOLMAN, JR. Deals with aesthetic and psychological as well as practical aspects of the production of plays. Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York. $2.75.

Special Rates on Library Extension Service

By arrangement with the post-office authorities, Hammond Library is permitted to mail books to readers residing within the first three zones at greatly reduced rates of three cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound. This rate applies also as far as the return postage is concerned. Of course, the rate on books mailed to destinations beyond the third zone remains unchanged. The new rate ought to facilitate the use of the Hammond Library extension service materially.

MATTHEW SPINKA, *Librarian*



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IN THE FOREGROUND THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
IN THE BACKGROUND A FEW OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.